JOHN BULL

2½D

VOL. LXIX 1824

WHAT U.S. PLUNGE WILL DO
By A.G.G.

VILLAGE OF CHANGED LIVES

PAY TILL IT HURTS!
By the EDITOR

IT'S GOOD TO GET GUINNESS AT HOME

A glass of GUINNESS is a cheerful sight!

G.E.1098.D

The weekly packet.

The great demands on the 'weekly packet' today make it essential to get the most out of your other 'weekly packets.' The best way to do this, if you like a full bodied tobacco, is to smoke 'Digger.' It is full-flavoured and cool and burns slowly and evenly.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE • RUBS • MIXTURE • PLUG • HONEYDEW

1/3½ PER OZ.

P.D.87A

After your Bath

Enjoy the soothing and cooling comfort of an "all over" dusting with Cuticura Talcum. The purest of all talcum powders, it absorbs perspiration, prevents irritation, and keeps you delightfully fresh and fragrant all day.

185

Cuticura TALCUM

MF FOOD FACTS

No. 42

IF you saw your neighbour throw away a loaf of bread, you'd be very indignant. "That woman is as bad as a traitor," you'd say, "Doesn't she realise that wasting food is wasting shipping space — and that we need our shipping space for munitions?" And you'd report the matter to the Ministry of Food.

But though waste on a big scale is criminal, waste on a small scale is serious, too. A lot of people throwing away bread that could be baked for rusks, a lot of people throwing away vegetable water that could be made into soup, a lot of people throwing away "left-overs" that could be served again, make a great deal of waste indeed. It is only by *cutting out waste altogether* that we shall win the war on the Food Front.

Save that Fat!

Most people know the trick of skimming the fat off the top of their stews when cold. But how many people know how to make best use of that fat?

Collect all the oddments of fat you can from frying-pans, baking-tins and stews. Melt and strain them all into a big bowl and wash them by pouring on some boiling water (you will need about a pint of water for 2 ozs. fat). When the liquid solidifies, lift off the solid fat and scrape the sediment off the bottom; it is now quite suitable for frying or roasting. Wise housewives will take this a step further. They will heat the fat up again until it stops bubbling. This means that it is quite free from moisture and will keep literally indefinitely. It can be used for anything, even cake-making.

Reminders

Excellent suet crust can be made with only 2 ozs. suet to 8 ozs. flour with 2 ozs. grated raw potato. Add a pinch of salt and mix with a little water in the usual way.

Don't have fat left at the sides of plates. Cut off the surplus fat from meat before you cook it. Chop it up for suet or frizzle it down and use as cooking fat.

Outside leaves and vegetables should be used in soups and stews.

Potatoes should be scrubbed and cooked in their skins (you may lose as much as a quarter of the potato if you peel it).

Rinse out your milk bottles with 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of water and use the liquid in cakes and puddings.

Make a point of listening to the Radio Kitchen Front at 8.15 every morning.

Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted milk, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself — and what a lot you get for 2½d.

Mars 2½d

See how Andrews refreshes and purifies:

FIRST . . . Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth, and tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY . . . To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels . . . . . Prices: 10½d and 1/6½d including purchase tax.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 31, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

HALF-BAKED

● **"Fire-fighting has become a military operation," Mr. Morrison declares.**

We hope he will soon realise that fire-prevention is no less important.

The present fire-watching scheme is half-baked in some areas and waterlogged in others.

Training is insufficient. There is a grave lack of equipment.

No, we don't mean only steel helmets. We refer also to ladders and extinguishers.

Churches and other buildings with sloping roofs have been burned out for lack of adequate approach to the seat of fire.

Watchers who have broken into empty houses have found the water cut off, no sand available.

In some districts regulations expose the watchers to unnecessary risks. In many places, too, unfit men are being pressed into service.

One was a man who had been discharged from the Army with heart trouble and could not even work.

His appeal for exemption from watching was rejected by an elderly gentleman and two secretaries—without medical examination. Of what use will he and similar invalids be on a burning roof?

Property owners are still leaving their premises locked up, as M.P.s complain. They can be prosecuted—but are not.

In short, Mr. Morrison should overhaul the whole scheme as drastically as he is doing with the fire brigade system—and quickly.

Straight from the Shoulder

FACE THE FACTS NOW

LET us be realists.

It is time we ceased being surprised by the enemy.

We should be giving the enemy a few more surprises on the lines of last winter's advance into Libya, Abyssinia and Somaliland.

Vichy Villainies

First essential is to see the situation as it is—not as we should like it to be.

Ever since Oran we have known where we stand with the Vichy Government.

We should not be surprised—only disgusted—by any fresh treason from that gang of self-seekers and the senile figurehead who bleats so pathetically of the honour he has besmirched.

England Expects

We must expect the French Navy to be used as a pawn.

We must expect the Nazis to be given war bases in *every* French possession.

We must expect French factories to repair Nazi tanks, French ports to shelter U-boats.

And we must remember that the French people are not free agents. Like the people of other conquered countries, they are dragooned by brutal force.

French Feeling

They will not misunderstand if we take strong action wherever necessary.

Our worst disservice to them is to be too squeamish in attacking the enemy in their midst.

You have read of French people waving greetings to R.A.F. airmen who bomb French railways and oil stores used by the Nazis.

Much stronger evidence of French sympathy is available.

Despised New Order

Results of a special investigation in France are given in the *Black Corps*, official journal of the Nazi S.S. troops.

It is admitted that the French people "do not understand" the Fuehrer's "New Order."

It is declared that they are not prepared to co-operate in any way.

Pro-British

The French are said to be furious at the German looting of their food.

And the *Black Corps* confesses that they are staunchly pro-British and place all their hopes on a British victory.

Dead Slow

Indeed, wags assert that the French are divided into two camps:

Those who pray each night that the British will win, and those who pray each night that the British "pigs" will win.

We have been stupidly slow in this matter. Worse, we have been slow in carrying out the Prime Minister's pledge that "we shall strike at the enemy wherever he may go."

Mr. Eden's statement, it is to be hoped, foreshadows a firmer policy.

Why the Gap?

The Nazis moved into Syria to aid the Iraq rebels. Plainly, we could have got there quicker—by marching across the frontier—than the Germans could have moved their forces there from air bases 500 miles away.

But we delayed a week. There is the suspicion that the delay was imposed on our generals for political considerations that quickly proved worthless.

Need for Speed

Where is the realism in allowing the enemy to entrench himself before we take action?

It is not enough to make war to the uttermost.

We must wage a *swift* war. That was shown by our first defeat—Norway.

Atlantic Pistol-Point

Moreover, we must anticipate the enemy.

We must anticipate that what has happened in Syria may happen at Dakar, that pistol levelled at our Atlantic life-lines.

For the enemy is simultaneously fighting two great battles. The onslaught on Crete must not make us forget the Atlantic.

Progress Halted

Neither the Battle of the Atlantic nor the Battle of the Mediterranean has so far fulfilled German expectations.

In the second, his Libyan army has been held up for weeks.

He has had to seek a fresh avenue of approach to Egypt—and to incur fresh losses.

He must take Crete to enable his transports to reach Syria, and after Syria he must face our army in Palestine before striking at Egypt from the east.

Pro-Axis

If he could do that, the position of both Turkey and Iran would be precarious in the extreme.

Even now, Turkish aid to us is halted by news of Russian policy. There is a strong pro-Axis clique in the Iranian Government.

Moreover, in Egypt German money has been talking for years and the Italians have been active behind the scenes.

Narrow Straits

Let us be realistic, too, about the Western Mediterranean.

Attempt to close the Straits of Gibraltar is highly probable, though the Rock would be even more difficult to "eliminate" than Malta and Crete.

Hitler would meet with little opposition from Spain; nor could Portugal hope to escape.

That would bring us fresh peril in the Atlantic even if the Rock stood firm.

U.S.A. and Us

So we must still rely on our own arms to reverse the march of Hitlerism.

American aid cannot entirely offset our new perils, despite President Roosevelt's latest proof of determination.

True, some feel that U.S.A. entry into the war now would turn the scales **(see A. G. G., pages 10 and 11).**

Change of Key

The situation should indeed brace us to greater endeavours.

Despite German conquests, Hitler's difficulties are increasing.

Such appeals as that of General Milch to the German A.R.P., such admissions of heavy bomb damage as that made by Goebbels, are significant.

Formerly the German bosses commanded; now they plead.

Calling the Builders

We should not, of course, exaggerate the importance of that change. We must make it more apparent by redoubling our blows.

Build more factories!

We need more, many more, to turn out more bombs and shells.

Wasted Effort

Arrangements for a vast new building programme are excellent. They promise an end to muddles that impede our war effort.

Private building is restricted by law. Yet an expensive new house is being built in a wealthy London suburb.

Every building worker should be on a job of national importance. Yet you can see men painting big shops that have already been twice-bombed—not to mention private houses and schools and railway stations.

Sacked

There should be a better system of alternative premises for war work.

In a firm making dial sights for guns, 150 men were employed. When the premises were bombed, the men were simply told to look for other jobs!

Now Let's Hustle

Rationalisation of industry must be hastened. We must ensure that sufficient workers are available—and trained—for the new factories being built.

See that every possible building is switched over to a war time job!

Many small plants, rather than a few big ones, should be our aim. Dispersal helps transport and labour problems, hinders air attack.

Threefold Saving

We must seek to avoid waste—waste of time, men and materials.

At whatever cost, we must provide the means to victory:

Bombs and bombers. Tanks and guns. Ships and shells. Air crews and trained machine workers—most important of all!

There is one other vital need—Food for men and animals!

We shall fail only if we fail to realise the situation that confronts us. Be realistic, and we shall convert surprise into satisfaction.

(Continued overleaf)

AIR RAIDS! GAS ATTACKS!

A LLOYD'S INSURANCE POLICY
FREE FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull" Insurance Department, 129, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **Growing successes of R.A.F. daylight sweeps are seriously worrying Nazi High Command, are showing German public that the *Luftwaffe* has neither men nor machines good enough to stop them.**

● ***Despite our losses in Greece, our net gain in Middle East is 1,000 per cent., and represents two years' peak output of Italian industry.***

● **Nazis fear that their Mediterranean thrust may be defeated by British Navy; Goering has offered "blank cheque" rewards for any invention to reduce our sea supremacy.**

● **Propaganda and threats have failed to restore morale of Italian fleet; refusals of crews to put to sea might be called near-mutinies.**

● ***Unrest in Italian merchant fleet is also growing. Nazis have taken control of chief ports, all waterfronts are closed to the public.***

● **Price paid to Hitler by Mussolini for Croatian "kingdom" includes the Adriatic port of Trieste and a corridor into Germany. Hitler plans to make Trieste into another Kiel.**

● **Turkey has finally warned Papen that she will safeguard herself against encirclement.**

● ***Aftermath of Hess incident has not nearly reached its climax; shock is in store for Quislings in occupied countries when this occurs.***

● **Behind-scenes in Berlin-Moscow negotiations is the "offer" to Russia of Iran and outlets to the Indian Ocean if Moscow guarantees to keep out of European disputes.**

● **Setback to Nazi bazaar propaganda: Axis agents can't explain why Suez was not captured a month ago, as they had promised.**

● ***U.S.A. developments are daily deepening their impression in Tokio. Pro-Axis Japs have begun to pipe in a minor key.***

BONUSES for babies—5s. a week each—are to be proposed by the executive at the Labour Party's Whitsun conference.

The Treasury is by no means antagonistic to the suggestion.

Up in the Clouds

Latest estimate of Nazi air strength to reach Washington comes from German sources. So Washington is not impressed.

Estimate gives Germany 35,000 aircraft, plus 3,000 being produced each month.

Adopt the usual rule and cut these figures by more than half.

Shoot Them Down

American observer, formerly in Berlin, says the German output last winter was 1,500 to 1,700 aircraft a month. R.A.F. is believed to have since scaled down this figure.

But we must bring down 375 to 425 Nazis every week to keep the Luftwaffe from increasing.

Even German lies, therefore, offer us no excuse for complacency.

Council of Eleven

In 1932, one year before the Nazi Party seized power, a high Party official called a secret meeting at his Munich flat.

There were eleven men present—nine Nazis, one general, one Civil Servant.

They swore to hang together whatever happened and to destroy anyone who thwarted their aim, at power.

One Known Fact

Long after, when Hitler learned of the conspiracy, he ordered the plotters to be tracked down. Himmler had to admit failure.

Even he knows the name of only one member of the Council of Eleven—the man who called the meeting at his Munich flat.

That man is Hess.

Free and Easy

Civilians visiting military camp in the South-East are supposed to sign the guardroom book. No one bothers if they don't.

A lorry load of workmen enters the camp each morning without slackening speed.

Open Invitation

At a Western aerodrome, a workman declares, anyone can enter without a pass.

Anyhow, workmen who finished their jobs there months ago have not been asked to surrender their passes.

Incidentally, the aerodrome has been frequently bombed.

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

High-Handed Standard!

Maybe a little new blood is needed to stop such weaknesses. But a man who applied for a commission in the R.A.F. administrative branch was turned down without an interview.

He had very high recommendations, was an ex-officer, and had served 21 years as an official in the Indian postal service.

R.A.F. standard is said to be "very high." Very!

Rising Rents

High prices for farm produce have led to higher farm rents. Trust the landlords to demand their pickings!

Scottish farms have changed hands at rents ranging from 45 to 136 per cent. higher than last year.

Textile Trickery

Tricky work in the textile trade! Some favoured people are getting full supplies despite the new quota.

Goods are invoiced under false descriptions. Silk stockings are entered as children's socks, towels as babies' feeders; big profits are made.

Mr. Bevin, Please Note

More shipyard workers are urgently wanted. Yes, but——

Sheet metal worker, experienced in shipping and aircraft, volunteered last August. Ministry of Labour official looked him up a month ago, promised that he would soon be fixed up.

But he's still working a machine that a boy or woman could operate.

Idle Army

Latest figures show 190,000 women and girls as unemployed. Most have had industrial experience, many are skilled factory workers.

How the Nazis must smile!

We Can Take Them

Admiration for the heroism of Civil Defence workers cannot be expressed in words alone, as the Empire realises.

Latest gifts to them include £500 for comforts from sunny Barbadoes, bales of sweaters and scarves from the Bahamas, and leather A.F.S. waistcoats from Nigeria.

The Dodg'ems

Complaints continue that some farmers are paying less than the £3-a-week minimum to their workers. The farmers heatedly deny the charge.

Remedy seems to be simple enough. Ministry of Agriculture has machinery for investigating such allegations and starting prosecutions.

Is that machinery being used? Would it not be well worth while to appoint a few extra—and temporary—inspectors?

Towards Prosperity

Peaceful prosperity will depend on our reconstruction of Britain, reconstruction on our knowledge of economics.

Volunteer experts are offering a course in the economics of fundamental problems not dealt with in schools and universities.

JOHN BULL recommends it to all thoughtful citizens. You can get the details from Mr. R. R. Stokes, M.P., 15, Suffolk Street, London, S.W.1.

Waste

"Save paper" is the chief message of a circular, printed on fine paper, circulated by Walthamstow Borough Council.

At least one resident has so far received five copies, so the council evidently doesn't obey its own injunction.

Long, Long Wait

Soldier married last October and made the necessary allotment to his wife. She did not receive allowance until March, and cannot get the arrears between October and January.

Her husband sarcastically wonders if his allotment during that period went to a *Spitfire* fund. No, with luck all the arrears will be paid up—next year.

Scandalous

Last March we told you how a boy sustained serious injuries and lost his job while fire-watching, yet was denied compensation.

That miserable muddle called the Ministry of Pensions has just decided to allow him 17s. a week while at home, 12s. while he is in hospital.

And every other victim would presumably have the same trouble to obtain his rights!

Infamous

Are wives and mothers of Servicemen getting a fair deal?

There are cases where a weekly payment has been made so long as the airman or soldier son was a prisoner-of-war in Germany.

As soon as he has died in the camp, payment has ceased.

In future, we hope, this scandalous gap between allowance and pension will cease.

Snobbery

It should take War Minister Margesson only a minute to end a stupid anomaly perpetrated by one of his Brasshats.

W.A.A.F. and W.R.N.S. girls whose homes are in Northern Ireland get a warrant to travel "saloon class" when going on leave.

The A.T.S. girls, however, have to travel steerage.

Black Market

Wardens' post in Surrey is used as an egg market by a poultry farmer, who arrives once a week, sells as many as four dozen to a single warden, and then departs.

Nice for the wardens, and quick work for the seller. But darned bad for the public.

Hitlerian Horrors

Hitler is reputed to bite the carpet—literally—when in a frenzy. In view of the Hess escape, there shouldn't be much left of the Berchtesgaden carpets now, or anything too bad for us to suffer if we were defeated.

Latest news from Poland: There are so many requiem masses being said in Warsaw churches for prisoners killed in prison camps that relatives often have to wait ten to fifteen days for a mass for their own dead.

Think of that, you war workers, if ever you feel like slacking!

Golden Minutes

Every working minute these days must be filled with work. But what do you do with the spare half-hours which come to the busiest of us at times?

It's hard to find a relaxation for these odd minutes—but you can find just what you want on page 19 this week. Our famous Crossword is back in streamlined form for war time, with a three-figure First and other prizes to compete for.

Puzzle out 15 letters only and a £100 cheque may be your big reward.

PAY TILL IT HURTS!

NOW that London's War Weapons Week has marked the peak achievement of the National Savings Campaign, the duty of every citizen is to make a duration habit of rigid economy.

Without that fixed habit, no one-week effort can be of great value to the country.

To win this war we must all pay, pay, pay until it hurts. We must make up our minds to pick our own pockets. We must cut our personal spending to the bone.

Unfortunately there are still a great many thoughtless or selfish folk who are spending as freely as ever and not attempting to save at all.

ALL SUCH PEOPLE, WHETHER THEY REALISE IT OR NOT, ARE CHEATING THE COMMUNITY. THEY ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME AT THEIR NEIGHBOURS' EXPENSE.

They are doing their best—or their worst—to lose the Battle of the Atlantic.

Some of our readers may challenge this statement. They may argue that a man has a right to do what he likes with his own money and that, in any case, direct and indirect taxation is far heavier than it has ever been before.

Others, seeking an excuse to comfort their own uneasy consciences, will complain that the Government has wasted millions of public money and that "big business" is not contributing its fair share to the national effort.

To all such arguments and excuses, JOHN BULL replies bluntly that nobody has the right to do what he likes with his own money while this war lasts; that taxation, high as it is, still leaves most of us with a fair margin; and that two wrongs never make a right.

We have protested against official waste again and again, and we have denounced the greed of all rich firms or individuals who seek a bigger return for their surplus cash than the Government offers.

But the fact remains that the country needs more than anything else the consistent, steady, week-by-week savings of ordinary men and women.

What they lend to the Government is valuable in itself; it already amounts to two and ninepence in every pound of national expenditure.

What they do without is more valuable still because it saves cargoes, it saves lives, and it brings us nearer and nearer to that maximum output of 'planes and guns and tanks which we must achieve in order to smash Hitler's gigantic military machine.

IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT DUTY AND PERSONAL ADVANTAGE GO HAND IN HAND, BUT THEY CERTAINLY DO SO IN REGARD TO WAR SAVINGS.

To-day in vast numbers of households there is a substantial increase in the weekly pay packet, or packets, and this comes after long years of lean times.

We understand the temptation of hard-working folk to spend this extra money. It is a natural human impulse to go out and buy things with it, but it is one which must be resisted until we have beaten the Nazis.

Moreover, nobody loses what he lends to the Government. On the contrary, every Savings stamp becomes a money earner directly the full certificate is handed in to the post Office or the Savings Bond is bought.

There are millions of middle-aged people who look back upon the last war and wish with all their hearts that they had saved some of the big money they earned in those far-off days.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
By The Editor

None of us needs to have similar regrets after this war is over.

There is no risk in saving even what may seem to be more than we can afford. If the worst should come to the worst and a sudden, unavoidable call should be made upon our purse, savings can always be realised at once to meet it.

But what the country asks of us is the duration loan. We ought, every one of us, to feel that Certificates, Savings Bonds and National War Bonds must not be touched except in case of sheer necessity.

Lord Kindersley, President of the National Savings Committee, has pointed out that the only way to release labour, material and shipping space for war purposes and to increase our loans to the Government is for us to abstain from *all* unnecessary expenditure.

A HARD saying, but a true one, and JOHN BULL is certain that almost all of us could do without many things which we are still buying.

Cigarettes and tobacco, for instance, have risen sharply in price, but the demand for them has been higher than ever.

WE DO NOT SUGGEST THAT SMOKERS SHOULD GIVE UP SMOKING ALTOGETHER, BUT WE DO SERIOUSLY SUGGEST THAT THEY COULD CUT THEIR SMOKING DOWN.

Drinking, too. JOHN BULL has never grudged any man his glass of beer, but thousands of men—and women, if it comes to that—could forgo that "odd one for the road" without hardship.

Economies are possible in a dozen other directions, but we do not presume to tell our readers how or where they should effect them. That is for them to decide.

We simply assert that, with few exceptions, wage and salary earners, if they search their own consciences, can always find a way to put aside an extra shilling or so a week.

Even one extra shilling would make a staggering difference to the war savings total. Many of us would scarcely miss it. To save it would mean no serious sacrifice.

THERE are some 12,000,000 members of savings groups and 15,000,000 depositors in Post Office and Savings Banks.

One shilling a week extra from each of these would produce a million and a quarter pounds a week, or an additional £65,000,000 a year!

Imagine, then, what colossal results the nation could obtain if every saver increased his or her weekly contribution to the point where it *did* mean sacrifice; if they all picked their own pockets and felt guilty to hear the jingle of any superfluous coin!

To make sure of victory, that *is* the measure of the effort required.

During the current financial year this country will be spending about £308,000,000 a month, which means, roughly, £510,000,000 a year *increase*.

Private investors, large and small, are expected by the Chancellor to provide additional savings to the tune of about £300,000,000 and this in spite of enormously increased taxation.

They can do it easily if they mean business, because most of the nation's increased expenditure ultimately finds its way back into the public pocket. Moreover, as time goes on, there will be fewer and fewer "luxury" goods to buy.

Bad habits are hard to break and good ones not so easy to form, but the habit of war time saving *can* become almost a pleasure.

JOHN BULL *cannot too strongly recommend its readers to support their local savings groups. The National Savings Committee hopes to see* 200,000 *of these groups in active work before the year is out.*

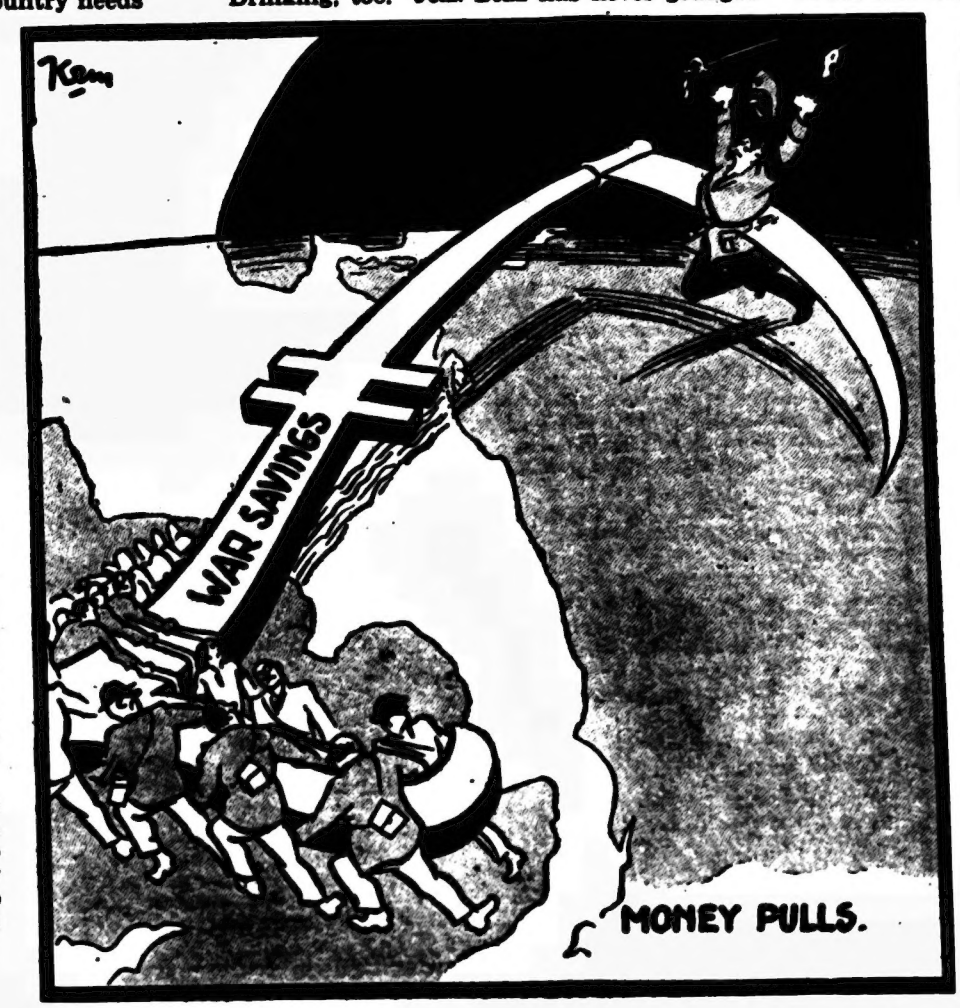
That is one side of the picture. There is another, and JOHN BULL does not pretend to be impressed by the "big money" which has been subscribed by big firms to give each local war weapons week its appropriate send-off.

We see nothing exceptionally meritorious in their readiness—often at the eleventh hour—to invest a few thousands, or hundreds of thousands, or even millions, in gilt-edged securities at 2½ per cent.

THAT IS NO MORE THAN THEIR BARE AND ELEMENTARY DUTY TO THE COUNTRY AND, SHOULD THEY FAIL IN THAT DUTY, WE SHOULD BE GLAD TO SEE THE GOVERNMENT COMPEL THEM TO COME IN.

But their response to the nation's call, good, bad or indifferent, can have no bearing upon our own. It is our *own* pockets that need picking and we have to pick them.

Let us lend, therefore, for all we are worth. Let us think of saving as the supreme saving grace. Millions of us are giving all our services to the country. How can the rest of us grudge our money?

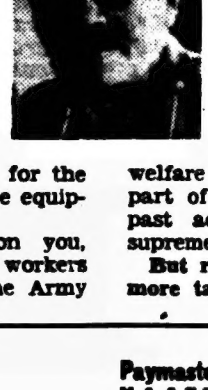


OPEN LETTERS

Lt.-Gen. Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-Gen. to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—"Tanks and more tanks are the answer to the threat of invasion," you said last year.

This year's battles in Greece and Libya prove that tanks and more tanks are the answer to Hitler's army wherever it may strike.



And I trust you will act upon the slogan in your new high appointment at the War Office.

It will rest with you, as well as with civil leaders, to see that we have enough men to make the tanks, to set your face against recruiting millions more men for the Army until we have adequate equipment for them all.

It will largely rest upon you, moreover, whether skilled workers are to be released from the Army for more urgent duties in the war factories.

Men needed to build tanks are peeling potatoes or scrubbing barrack floors. Engineers are wasting their ability by waiting in officers' messes.

I do not believe you will allow this patent folly to continue.

You have justified your reputation as one of the "brains of the Army." I think you will prove not only a fine commander in the field, but a wise administrator in Whitehall.

As Adjutant-General you will be responsible for the welfare of every soldier. And that part of your job, judging by your past achievements, will be done supremely well.

But remember those "tanks and more tanks."—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HENRY WILLINK, M.P., London Special Commissioner

DEAR SIR,—Following a recent *blitz* on London, hundreds of people had to wait for hours outside East End centres.

One woman, bombed out for the second time, was in the queue from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m.—without even a cup of tea.

It is a disgusting shame that tired and shocked citizens should be exposed to needless hardship and the stares of the curious.

Why not commandeer local cinemas, where they might rest until officials could deal with them?

I warn you that the public will not tolerate any repetition of the scandals of last autumn.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Part-time war work for housewives is an idea worth all the encouragement you can offer.

You know, of course, how well it has worked in a great factory that could not get staff for light assembly and wiring.

Women with homes to run were brought in and two half-time shifts worked—the first from 8 a.m. to 12.30, the second from 12.30 to 5.30.

Thus a break for lunch is avoided and full production ensured, while the women have half a day free for domestic duties.

I hope you'll be able to induce other employers on similar work to adopt this principle.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—I'm glad you are willing to "consider" the plight of people sent to work on munitions a long way from their homes.

They have to pay up to 10s. a week in fares. But they are allowed no rebate on income tax, so that by obeying the Government's orders to take up war work they are virtually suffering a loss of wages.

Only reasonable that their travelling expenses should not be taxed.—JOHN BULL.

Paymaster-Commdr. BUKE, N.A.A.F.I.

DEAR SIR,—No doubt you mean us to be impressed. N.A.A.F.I.'s turnover has increased from £10,000,000 a year to more than £1,000,000 a week during the war, you say.

But soldiers, sailors and airmen would be more interested to know what is happening to the money.

Publish a balance-sheet!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. BOODHOO, British Guiana

DEAR MR. BOODHOO,—You should be a proud man, for your name appears in a British White Paper—an honour given to few of us.

It is recorded in the Navy Appropriation Account, which pays tribute to your gift of ten bags of rice.

I am sure the Royal Navy will be properly grateful, even though it is more used to handling torpedoes than chopsticks.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—I marvel at the impatience of a wealthy man who has built a dental hospital for poor people in the Midlands, and who has sought your permission to open it three times since the beginning of April.

Naturally, you haven't answered. Such people must be made to realise that your officials are too ponderous to be hurried into quick decisions—even on such urgent matters as the evacuation of children from bombed towns.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTOR, Portsmouth Dockyard

SIR,—A dockyard driver had to take a lorry on a five minutes' run. Then he had to wait 150 minutes while the lorry was unloaded.

After another five-minute journey unloading occupied 85 minutes.

When he asked for more work he was reminded that he was being paid. Eventually he resigned in disgust.

He tells me of dockyard workers playing cards and darts, of two-hour jobs being made to last two and a half days—and I have received many similar complaints regarding conditions in your establishment.

I suggest you should stroll around some time.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Confound your evasiveness! You seem at pains to meet every criticism in Parliament except the most important—that Servicemen discharged for bad health are refused pension although they were passed as medically fit when called-up.

You seem, in short, to be a disciple of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

Until you recant I shall regard you as a failure in your office.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS, L.M.S. Railway

GENTLEMEN,—Aircraft workers complain that you refuse to alter timetables to meet their needs, so they have to wait at a Scottish station from 7.20 till 8 o'clock each night—in which time three half-empty trains pass through without stopping.

I can well believe it. It is in keeping with other examples of your odd war service to which I have drawn attention.—JOHN BULL.

Admiral Sir CHARLES LITTLE, Second Sea Lord

DEAR ADMIRAL,—Hail and farewell! I'm sorry your term as chief of naval personnel ends to-morrow, June 1, for the bluejacket has had no better friend.

I can testify that every matter brought to your attention has been dealt with not only courteously but swiftly—and with that smooth efficiency one expects from the Senior Service.

I know you will join me in wishing your successor, Narvik victor Admiral Whitworth, equal success.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. ROUSE JONES, National Union of Auxiliary Firemen

DEAR MR. JONES,—A bomb fell on a London fire station, killing and wounding A.F.S. men. One was injured in the head, back and foot.

He had five operations. After thirteen weeks in hospital he received a cart note of dismissal and 2s. 3d. as final payment of wages.

Week by week I give such examples of the rotten A.F.S. system. I shall continue to do so until Mr. Morrison gives the country's saviours a fair deal.

As you say, "Each severe raid brings—as the thirteen weeks' periods expire—a further batch of auxiliary firemen reduced to penury for doing their duty."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. O. LYTTELTON, M.P. President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—A City firm was stacked from floor to ceiling with silk stockings and underwear. Officialdom refused to allow the stock to be distributed to retail shops until a certain date.

In the meantime a *blitz* destroyed the lot.

Perhaps you will bear this case in mind.—JOHN BULL.

THE CITY COUNCIL, Cardiff

DEAR SIRS,—I am informed that repairs were carried out at a bombed dog-racing track while damaged houses near by were left with gaping roofs. A students' club was also given preference.

There may be some explanation (though I doubt it); if so, I am sure your ratepayers would be pleased to hear it.—JOHN BULL.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Out of the Mouths of Babes . . .

● If you examine the contents of a small boy's pockets, you'll find a strange collection—a piece of string, an odd marble or so, maybe an old withered chestnut.

There will certainly be a nail, perhaps a pebble, some scraps of paper, and a bit of something that no one except the boy himself could possibly identify!

To you it would be just a chaos—but not to the boy. He could make sense of it.

He could tell you—if he would—why rubbish to you is treasure to him. He could turn chaos into cosmos without any trouble at all.

He probably wouldn't, because he would think you were too stupid to understand.

It was you who threw a lot of these precious things away in the first place. You don't deserve enlightenment!

There's a big lesson behind this everyday fact, the lesson that we should not be so ready to discard and throw away the things that life is always offering us.

We are so busy searching for the extraordinary that we are constantly in danger of rejecting the ingredients of it!

We spend our time sighing for the chances that never seem to come. We should do better to realise that the trouble lies in what we so lightheartedly throw away.

The chances are there all right. We so often won't realise their worth.

The small boy is wiser.

His elders—who ought to know better—throw the most astonishing things away. He retrieves them and treasures them—and he is right in his philosophy.

For things are pretty much what we make them. Point of view—if not everything—is half the battle.

It wouldn't hurt any of us to become like the small boy where our own lives are concerned.

One of the greatest and most satisfactory things in life is to rediscover the amazing interest that ordinary things possess.

How They've Changed!

MAURICE FAGENCE, in this fascinating new series, etches, with his deft touch, a picture of revolution almost unnoticed by the chief characters. Start off with him in a VILLAGE OF CHANGED LIVES.

IT all arose out of a chance meeting with a Canadian soldier.

We are an extraordinary people, he said. Our lives have been revolutionised by the war, and we don't notice it.

We have come to regard it as normal to have families broken up, live behind shutters, see our homes shattered—and then patiently start rebuilding them.

We taste hell, and then write to a husband in the Army, a daughter on the land, a wife evacuated to a lonely village: "I'm sorry there's not much news to tell you."

He wished he were a journalist, so that he could tell the world about the changes war has wrought on the fair face of Britain.

So I went in search of these changes.

I went, first, to a village in Essex.

"You won't find much difference here from before the war," said the landlord of the "Red Lion."

"Customers used to sit in this bar and say Napoleon hadn't a hope of invading us. Now they sit in this bar and say that *Hitler* hasn't a hope of invading us.

"War doesn't change us much here."

I sat on a grass verge to talk to Fred Lovelace, the roadman.

No, life wasn't very different, he said.

Most of the young men were away. His three sons were overseas. He and "ma" felt very lonely some nights. But there hadn't been many changes.

That trim, self-confident young woman coming down the road in a probationer-nurse's blue uniform—why, she must have been a schoolgirl when the war broke out.

"I know she wore pigtails," said Fred.

One of her girl friends had become a sergeant-major. Fred roared at that.

Only six years ago he had clipped her under the ear for skylarking with one of his brooms.

When he served as an infantryman in the last war he never imagined he'd do that to a sergeant-major.

Maybe I was wanting a cottage down those parts? I'd be unlucky.

Every house was packed out. There were three and four families in some.

There was a row of five cottages standing empty before the war. Condemned as unsafe, or something like that. But they were packed out now.

They had never brought in so much money in their 200 years of existence!

That was Mrs. Bain, from the big house, who went by in a car.

She used to have five servants before the war. Now she has "a woman who comes in and cleans."

The five servants were away on war work, perhaps?

"That I don't know," said Fred. "Her husband is serving in the Army in Egypt, and I don't suppose she can do it on a sergeant's money!"

She used to spend most of her time messing about in conservatories, I was told. Now she motors the mid-wife about.

THE village policeman was my next call. Actually he comes from two villages away. One policeman per village is too much of a luxury, especially in war time.

"The people don't give much trouble," he said.

There was going to be a lawsuit regarding a boundary when the war broke out. It would have shaken the county. It had just faded out—"perhaps settled out of court."

Problem-child of the district was a ten-year-old boy evacuated from London.

He regarded every pond as his own swimming pool, every horse as his private hunter, every apple as his own perquisite.

He had told the local schoolmaster: "I like the cane, see?" which left that worthy powerless to execute justice.

"But not an ounce of vice in him," said the constable.

Anyhow, people are too busy to get into trouble these days, he assured me.

Next I tested life in the local pub.

When London is being "blitzed" all the glasses in the place rattle.

One or two bombs usually come whistling down to waste in local fields and copses.

But they are terrible nights for the women whose men work and live in London. Wistfully they look over the fields to where shells burst in pin-points over a fiery horizon.

Next morning the 'phone is kept busy at the pub. Husbands ring up with the request: "Will you nip round and tell my missus I'm all right?"

And "Perce," the landlord, jumps on his old bicycle and sets out on his mission.

"Perce" was one of the people who said life hadn't changed here.

Two hours later he asked the price of a new bicycle. They quoted him £9.

That changed his opinion, somewhat.

BUT it is not until late that the "pub" wakes up. When, far away, the din of a tractor dies down for a night, the customers know that another pal will soon be arriving for his evening drink.

And nobody must grumble at paying fourpence-halfpenny a half-pint for bright bitter, says a poster on the wall. Who would begrudge an extra penny, for Jack, Tommy, and the boy in Air Force blue?

There is a box on the counter of the "Red Lion."

Every penny put into it is a lest-you-forget offering to local boys who have donned uniform and gone away to do a man's job.

The contents average a pound every three weeks!

These boys will come back, one day, to find that the wonderful cherry trees at "The Firs" have been chopped down so that vegetables can be grown, that the little girl with the pigtails has become a full-blown nursing sister, that old playmates have married girls they would never have met if it hadn't been for the war, that "Millionaire George," the local miller, has given up fat Turkish cigarettes at last.

Woodbines are all he can get at the local these days. Pride makes him stick to his fat cigarette-holder, although his new blend won't fit it.

He spends most of his time trying to catch Woodbines before they fall into the sawdust!

And Old Ben is dead. They buried him last Thursday. He was every boy's hero in that Essex village. He was immense, capable of terrific feats of strength, and never known to say a cross word to anybody. . . .

Yes, that Canadian soldier was right.

At night the women draw the oil lamps toward them to write to soldier husbands and sweethearts.

"There isn't much news to tell you," they begin.

Martin Bormann (right) with Hitler

I JAILED HESS'S SUCCESSOR

By VICTOR SCHIFF

(Former "Daily Herald" Correspondent in Berlin and Paris)

HESS'S successor, Martin Bormann, is a murderer, too. I helped to bring him to justice.

Eighteen years ago, it was.

The story begins on a Sunday afternoon in July, 1923, when I was the first member of the political staff of *Vorwaerts*, the German Social Democratic organ, to reach the office.

I was told a shabby young man was demanding to see the political editor.

★ ★ ★

When I sent a message saying he would have to wait for the person he sought to see, he became desperately impatient.

He said something about his visit being a matter of life or death for himself.

He was unshaven, slightly drunk, and haggard.

He approximated to the type of thousands of Fascist mercenaries who were terrorising parts of Germany.

He demanded to see Severing, Minister of the Interior. "I *must* see him," he said, "to-night."

"But why?"

"I can only tell him personally. You must arrange for me to see him. He alone can save my life."

Later: "I know about a certain thing," he ventured.

"You know about a Vehmic (political) murder," I said, taking a long shot. "And they want to get rid of you?"

He stared hard. "How do you know?" he asked.

I went out to telephone. Severing, of course, wasn't at his office.

So I rang up the Chief of the Political Police and told him about my sinister visitor.

"Ring up your headquarters," I asked, "and get them to send round two political C.I.D. men to this office.

"But remember that, as a journalist, I mustn't betray an informant. I don't want him arrested."

The two C.I.D. men arrived from the Polizei-Praesidium.

They posed as colleagues. They did their work so clumsily, however, that my caller became reluctant.

It was left to me to squeeze the information out of him.

★ ★ ★

He had taken part in the murder of a Lieutenant Kadow, suspected of being a Communist who had betrayed a secret arms depot to the Inter-Allied Military Commission.

The officer had been murdered in a forest near Parchim, Mecklenburg. He had been made drunk, stunned, shot, his throat cut, then buried.

The visitor drew a plan showing the spot.

My "colleagues" set off immediately—but he went on talking.

He had been in an inn with others. He went out believing the man was going to be beaten.

After the murder, the others noticed his horror, feared betrayal.

Twice they had tried to get rid of him. Once they had thrown him into a pond.

I asked him who had been behind the murder.

"Bormann," he replied. "Martin Bormann. He is local leader of the German Freedom Party, but he also works on the estate.

"He wasn't present when the murder happened, but he afterwards arranged the scattering of the gang."

At midnight my telephone rang.

The body had been found. "We are now arresting one man after the other."

★ ★ ★

I sat in court as a reporter.

"My man" was in the dock with 10 others.

I was called to the witness box. Nazis packed the court. Hundreds of eyes of hate glared at me, the man who was at the bottom of the trial.

Counsel fought to get me committed for perjury. I stuck to my story.

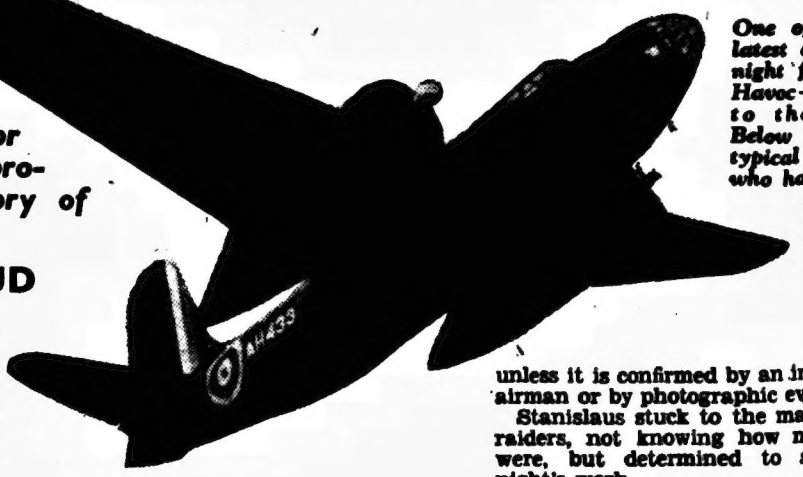
Four years was the sentence on my informant. Others received up to thirteen years.

Martin Bormann, found guilty of being an accessory to the crime of *manslaughter*, got away with one.

Still, he has me to thank for his big career!

Hitler loves a murderer, if he is the sort who suits. Bormann has got his reward.

FLYING POLE SWORE REVENGE, and—



One of Britain's latest and fastest night fighters—the Havoc—zooms up to the attack. Below you see a typical Polish pilot who has helped to cause havoc among the Nazi bombers

Nazis Lost the Trick

The story of a Warsaw bank clerk who has sworn to destroy twenty raiders for each friend killed in Poland provides this week's thrilling story of Britain's night-fighters.

By MICHAEL CLOUD

HAVE you heard of the Warsaw Squadron of the R.A.F.?

It is officially known by a number, but every man in it had one or more relatives killed when the *Luftwaffe* smashed Warsaw, and so they prefer their nickname of the Warsaw Squadron.

Before the war one of its pilots was a Warsaw bank clerk. When the German armies thrust into Poland, and the *Junkers* and *Heinkel* bombers darkened the skies day after day and week after week, raining down bombs on what was virtually an unprotected city, this clerk had three buildings collapse about his ears.

The first was his bank. That killed his brother, who worked at a desk next him.

The second was his home. That killed his father.

The third was a hospital, where he was receiving treatment for wounds. That killed a nurse with whom he had fallen in love.

When the bank clerk reached England, they say he looked, not like a bank clerk, but like Stanislaus Stadnicki, the antient Polish hero known throughout eastern Europe as "The Devil."

Fourfold Vengeance

The Warsaw Squadron took the air in September, at the start of the Great Blitz. Even in those days and nights when a few men turned back the powers of Hell, the Warsaw Squadron stood out for deeds of ruthlessness and daring seldom equalled in the history of flying.

Stanislaus brought down eight German machines. Between then and when he became a night fighter, he bagged four more.

Twelve kills. Four for each friend he had lost in Warsaw.

But he has sworn to destroy twenty raiders for each of those friends. He says that if the war ends before he has accomplished his vow, then he will complete it by piracy or sabotage, or any other way that opens to him.

When the chance came for him to join the night fighters, he jumped at it, seeing in it a means to his end.

He did not immediately realise that a night fighter had less opportunity to kill raiders than a man who goes up in the light of day.

He only knew that he would be given one of the greatest creations of man's destructive power, and sent up with it night after night, when the destroying angels were crowding thickest in the dark skies.

Like many another unrecognised night fighter, he met with disappointments, tales of enemy formations that had slipped past him unseen, the sight of distant bomb-flashes that had finished by the time he arrived.

His Chance at Last

Time and again he spent the night in the intensest cold, wandering like a mote of dust in black illimitability, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, and landing, frozen and dispirited, in the grey dawn.

But the burning lust for vengeance never flagged.

Then, one night, he received a ground message telling him of raiding bombers directly in his path, making, apparently, for a southern city.

While the message was still trickling into his earphones, he sighted the enemy above moonlit, sea-like cloud, hurrying along far to starboard.

The man who had seen such bombers mutilate his homeland snarled in his cockpit as he realised that this time they would have to fight for their kill.

He went for them, power-diving down at them from above at a speed far in excess of seven miles a minute.

Just as he started his attack, blinding mist blew up from below, blotting out the scene, then opening tantalising glimpses of it, and then fogging everything again—a trick of Nature that made the fight into an affair of wildest chance.

Now and then, as gaps opened in the mist, guns blazed, and the skies were rent by crashes and bursts and vivid tongues of smoky flame.

Right at the start, the young Pole managed to draw a bead on one big bomber, and he saw his tracers stab into it like a score of darting swords.

Just before the mist hid everything again he saw that machine dip its nose and slide swiftly as a nightmare out of sight.

But it was not a "confirmed" kill—no R.A.F. pilot is allowed to claim a kill unless it is confirmed by an independent airman or by photographic evidence.

Stanislaus stuck to the main body of raiders, not knowing how many there were, but determined to spoil their night's work.

Still covered by cloud, the Germans pounded along towards their objective, but suddenly they burst into a great field of moonlight where everything was clear as day.

The leading bombers, emerging first, had their guns already trained when Stanislaus' tiny black single-seater zipped roaring into the brightness—right "on their sights."

A dozen shell-guns and machine-guns crashed simultaneously, and it was as if someone had ripped open the sky to disclose a barrier of flame and whining lead.

Cotton-wool puffs surrounded the single-seater with a ring of death.

In that single volley its aerial was shot away, two great rents appeared in the wings, and the mechanism of its guns was so damaged by a shell splinter that they were put out of action.

An Unarmed Machine

With almost full magazines, with plenty of juice in his tanks, and with his enemies mobbed in the clear moonlight under his hand, the Flying Pole realised that he was flying what was now an unarmed machine.

Unarmed—but not impotent.

Already the leading bombers were over the town they had come to seek.

In the moonlight Stanislaus suddenly saw a shower of tiny black dots drop away as three enemy machines opened their bomb-traps. They made no effort to aim at anything; they did not dare.

All they wanted to do was to unload all they had and make a getaway from that fierce little black shape that hurried relentlessly after them without firing a shot.

Those first bombs were incendiaries. Far below the Pole saw several pinpoints of white flame, leaping and dancing.

Just like Warsaw long ago, when his brother and his father and little dark Klementina still lived. . . .

The man Fate had left alive put the nose of his night-fighter steeply down straight into the middle of the main formation of Germans, who were just preparing to open their bomb-traps on the incendiary marks the leaders had left.

Some bomb-aimers, staring down over their sights, must have been pitched about like corks in the sea as the Germans scattered before that insane, silent rush.

All over the sky the big, dark bombers scattered. The bombs—milk churns and log rods and torpedoes and Molotov breadbaskets—whined away far and wide into the darkness.

Next day, the townsfolk below said to each other: "Jerry missed us with that big lot—there's hardly a field round the town hasn't had a dose. Wonder what made him do that?"

It looked as if the Flying Pole would make a three-point landing on the middle bomber's back!

The German pilot put his heavy machine into a steep dive—for he did not know whether this mad night fighter who would not use his guns would ram him or not.

Down the two went like flung stones—down, down, down. Meanwhile, the other raiders scattered like fish when a stone is dropped into the pool.

And the people huddled in shelters below heard the whine of power-diving 'planes, but no more bombs.

The diving bomber was handled by a cool and skilful pilot. Suddenly he turned aside out of the dive, banked, and performed a swift climbing turn, firing hard as he went at the little black shape that whirled past him.

Struggling to Fight

Within the German machine a chorus of gutterals told that the pursuer had apparently been mortally hit.

It staggered—recovered—began a struggling climb, quite unlike its former terrific zoom.

It got up uncertainly, higher than the raiders, who were gathering like vultures again now.

Then it struggled in a long, shallow dive, so close in front of the bomber it had been chasing that the German bow-gunner was unable to fire before the dark shape had passed his window and vanished.

But other raiders had seen the fighter in trouble, and now once more a thunderous concentration of gunfire centred on it, blasting open the moonlit sky, sending bright flashes here and there, plainly visible to the wardens and police watching from far below.

The night fighter was dropping clumsily, as if almost out of control. Vaulting down the abyss of night after it came two German bombers, their bow-guns blazing and chattering.

They had realised by now that something had happened to their enemy's guns. He was powerless, winged, falling. . . .

So intent were they on finishing off what they had begun that they never realised where they were being led—or that they were being led by the plover's trick of simulating a broken wing for its own purpose.

But the Polish pilot, his eyes staring, his head darting round from side to side, knew!

In an unarmed machine, he was playing with the spider-web of death!

Right of him, a great, dark balloon, nearly invisible. Left, another, horribly close—then gone.

Strands of Death

Now he was among the cables, invisible strands of black steel, to touch one of which would be the end of all things.

Behind him came a terrific explosion, and he felt his machine shudder as if it were a living thing trembling with pity. The second bomber opened its throttles full and went staggering away, miraculously unhurt, but the first. . . .

Huge lumps of black sailing slowly all over the sky were all that was left of it and its bomber crew. It had hit a cable and its own bombs had blown it to rags and tatters.

Down through the lane in the cables that he knew and had located a hundred times with painstaking care in daylight the Flying Pole descended—for there is no chance of turning back once you are in a cable-lane.

Down he came, and roared across the rooftops till he was far enough away to climb once more, with his unarmed craft, seeking another victim.

But the night sky was empty. The raid was over. The bomber baby-killers had seen something that turned their stomachs, and they had had enough for one night.

NEXT WEEK:
The Hun They Blew to Bits

MORE FOOD RACKETS

Lord Woolton's twelve new sleuths can round up the food criminals quicker than a blitz if they merely concentrate on the obvious evidence

FIRST success of my campaign against the food racketeers is the news that the investigation department of the Food Ministry is to be both strengthened and overhauled.

Good, so far as it goes.

But this Food Ministry of ours spends too much time warning the speculators what it is going to do with them, and too little time carrying out its threats.

To begin with, the great food scandal doesn't need a lot of investigating.

It is on such a gigantic scale. And the evidence stands out a mile.

I am getting this evidence from readers in scores of parts of Great Britain by every post.

Watch the Newcomers

Many of them are telling their local Food Offices, too—but the food inspectors for the most part do nothing.

They do a certain amount of investigating, of course. They go nosing round the counters of little shops selling provisions, meat, greengrocery, bread—even sweets.

Sometimes they find a culprit—and prosecute with the air of officials who have got to the root of the matter.

They are quite right in prosecuting. But they haven't got to the root of the matter.

I'll tell them where the roots are to be found.

My investigators confirm the facts. My readers, too.

In the ranks of the newcomers to the food and food distributing trade are to be found nine-tenths of the people who are holding the public food up to ransom in war time.

I met a commercial traveller the other day. One of his best "lines" is the twopenny packet of soup.

He is proud of those soups. He says you can't get a better twopennyworth of food anywhere. And I know it is a fact that most of the cheap soup squares are wonderful value.

Juggling in Soup

But what are you going to think of a firm which buys those packeted soups at wholesale rates and turns each twopennyworth into two sixpenny tins of soup?

That, he assures me, is being done.

At a time when they were procurable, this firm bought up vast quantities of cheap Chinese dried peas, soaked them—then canned them as if they were a fresh garden product.

The housewife who cared to soak them for herself could have got them for one-sixth the price, and valuable metal would have been saved.

A reader sends me the label of a tiny tin of food he bought the other day. He paid 2s. 6d. for it, which seemed a lot for so small an article.

But then, the label said the contents were roast meat.

Hopefully he opened it. There wasn't a trace of meat. There wasn't a trace of roasting.

What he found was a sodden mass of

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

floury paste so highly peppered that his throat was on fire for half an hour.

I am receiving a flood of such complaints.

Here, then, is one line of inquiry for that investigation department.

Let it drive out of business firms that are wrapping a pennyworth of nutrition in twopennyworth of valuable metal and selling it at anything from 1s. 6d. to 3s.

Then let it send all the metal saved to the Ministry of Supply.

Reputable firms are not doing it. They have names to protect. They know there is going to be an "after the war."

All the firms concerned in the complaints reaching me are newcomers.

Let the Ministry of Food get a list of these newcomers.

I suggest they have no more right to burst into the food and food distributing trade in war time than I have to open a shell factory at this moment.

What can their motives be? In nine cases out of ten it is obvious—to exploit shortage.

Prices not Shown

There is another type of newcomer.

In certain multiple stores near this office I have had test purchases made of quite excellent boiled sweets at 4d., and in one case 3½d. per quarter-pound.

Little shopkeepers in hundreds of provincial towns would love to lay their hands on supplies of such sweets.

One day, looking out from their empty shops on to the local market-place, these small traders see a smart car arrive.

From the car disembark two or three young men in dandy suits.

They erect a stall. They pack the stall high with sweets—sweets pretty well of the quality I had bought for me at 3½d. and 4d.

They don't display the price, because they are ashamed of it. It is whispered to you if you challenge your change. Ninepence—in one case a shilling!—a quarter.

You have only got to watch these men to see they know nothing of the confectionery trade.

How, then, do they get sweets by the car-load to sell at outrageous prices?

A retailer is allowed a certain percentage of his pre-war purchases.

Pre-war purchases of sweets by these pirates were nil.

In most cases their supplies are bought on the Black Bourse—the fast-growing institution which the Food Ministry is pledged to wipe out, but against which it moves so lethargically.

One of my investigators tracked down certain supplies of cheese, biscuits, brawn and liver sausage.

He located the store on business premises of a vastly different kind in the very heart of London.

The proper business of this establishment has become a side-line.

This newcomer to the food business buys liver sausage at as low a price as 1s. 8d. per lb.

I don't blame him for the high price finally charged to the consumer, for other newcomers have to take their pickings.

But there are places where this commodity is sold at 4s. and 5s. per lb.

This man can buy at specially low rates because he is in a position to allot cigarettes and cigars to his suppliers. How he manages to get unlimited supplies of those is another story.

Some of the foods he sells soar just as drastically in price as those tinned "pickled cabbage" mentioned by Lady Violet Bonham-Carter the other day, of which she said:

"It started at 8d. a tin in December. By March it was 1s. Now it is 2s. 8½d."

Eggs—with Carrots!

A Birmingham woman reader went into a greengrocery establishment that is certainly new to the grocery trade.

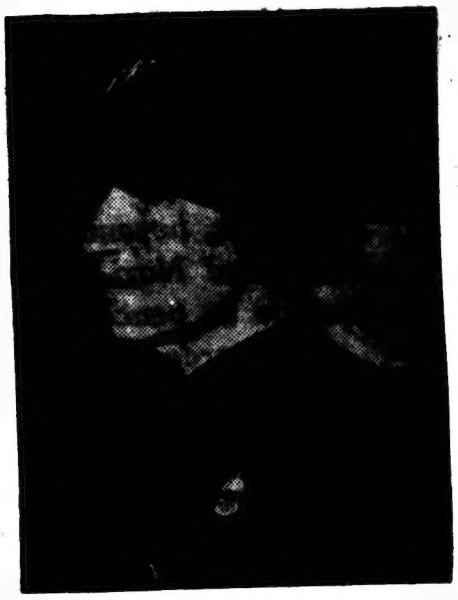
She asked for four eggs.

To get those eggs she either had to buy three baby spring onions for 5d. or four baby carrots for 3d.

She chose the carrots. She sent them on to us. With the top-growth and the string they weigh less than 4 oz.

Lettuces were 1s. and cucumbers 2s.—and, unfortunately, there are people who will buy them for the opportunity of getting eggs.

Perhaps they deserve to be robbed—



Lady Violet Bonham-Carter has condemned "the wild scramble for unrationed food, and an unscrupulous vamp in soaring prices"

but that isn't the point. What chance has the working woman who can't buy a 2d. spring onion or a 2s. cucumber to get eggs for a sick child?

It is the family trader who suffers through the sins of the exploiters.

Thousands of consumers, of course, will leave their grocers blaming that harassed, overworked man—if not openly, behind their backs.

But I repeat: Let Lord Woolton make a list of all newcomers to the trade, and that list will contain nine out of ten of the exploiters.

Then the Food Ministry should act.

THREATS DO NOTHING—BECAUSE THE FOOD CROOKS BEGIN TO THINK THEY ARE NOT MEANT.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. A. Sykes, 72, Victor Terrace, Heaton, Bradford, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. He supplied information which enables me to give a warning about potentially dangerous activities.

Write about any matter needing inquiry, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

New Tricks To Watch

BEWARE shoddy air raid shelters now being sold at high prices.

Too many of them are likely to prove death-traps.

It should be possible for the Ministry of Home Security to test all types of shelters offered to the public. Those that pass the test should bear a seal: "Approved by the Ministry of Home Security."

A North Country reader ordered a shelter from a firm of some standing. This was to be delivered and erected within sixteen days, at a cost of £30, cash down.

Four weeks passed and nothing happened but excuses for non-delivery.

Two months later the shelter arrived, but months later it still lies outside the house waiting for men to construct it.

The remedy here seems to be to pay on completion of the job.

★ ★ ★

THE envelope-addressing ramp is still being worked by F. Youngson and Co., of Newbald, York.

This firm of "employment specialists" are past-masters in the art of snatching fees. Ignore their kind offers.

★ ★ ★

MEN in the Services complain of the suspicious methods used by showmen in towns where there are large forces of troops.

What happens is that two showmen work an electrically controlled Robot. By a trick the Robot appears to speak, giving details of things shown to one of the men working the trick.

He will ask for an airman's or soldier's identity card.

The Robot, after some jiggery-pokery, then gives particulars on these documents, and winds up with a "fortune" reading for a charge of a few pence.

The danger is obvious. A Service identity card tells where a man is stationed, and this information might well be of value to enemy agents.

The police might keep an eye on the showmen.

★ ★ ★

CIGARETTE crooks are busy in provincial towns trading on the shortage of supplies.

They call on hotel-keepers and very secretly offer to supply popular brands which are in short supply.

The victims pay cash, and when the cartons are delivered it is found that beneath the top layer of cigarette packets there is nothing but rubbish.

By this time the sellers have disappeared.

★ ★ ★

SPECULATORS are at work, and a widespread trade is being done in war-damaged goods.

After a heavy air raid, job-buyers are as busy as bees round a honey-pot buying at knock-out prices such foodstuffs as canned fruit, fish and condensed milk from bombed premises.

These are then sold secretly at high prices to cafes and hotels, with the result that fortunes are being made in this raid salvage racket.

This form of profiteering extends to building materials salved from blitzed buildings.

At one provincial town speculators bought from a council department roofing timber at 1d per ft.

A week later this material was sold to the repairing department of the same council at 6d. per ft!

War damage is a national liability, and we cannot afford to allow these ghoulish speculators to step in and clean up fortunes at the public expense.

WHAT U.S. PLUNGE WI

The fight, beyond all doubt, is now between the English-speaking world and Nazi-Fascist barbarism. America's entry would be the prelude to peace . . . provide the blue print of the new world order . . . with what tremendous effect is shown

By A. G. GARDINER

EVENTS are rushing with headlong speed to a climax. This summer will go far to decide the fate of mankind, not in this country alone, not in Europe alone, but throughout the whole world.

IT WILL DECIDE WHETHER CIVILISATION OR BARBARISM, FREEDOM OR SLAVERY, IS TO POSSESS THE EARTH.

That the sky has darkened in some measure must be recognised. The surrender of the traitors of Vichy to the Moloch of Berlin has spread the peril to Asia and Africa, from Baghdad to Dakar, from the Persian Gulf to the Atlantic.

What the issue of these critical days will be depends mainly on one thing.

"America holds the key," said General Smuts a few days ago. "Let her use it and open the door through which the world can escape from chaos and suffering."

But she must use it now. She must cease hovering on the brink and take the plunge. Every day she delays endangers our victory and increases her own peril.

The mere fact that she was in the war, not half-heartedly but lock, stock and barrel, would change the whole scene.

It would electrify the neutral world. It would strike the Axis with the chill of death.

Then why does she hesitate? Is it because she thinks this war is not her affair? No. Every authoritative voice in America from President Roosevelt downwards has declared that we are fighting America's battle as well as our own.

Every intelligent American knows that if the British Navy ceased to hold the Atlantic the Monroe doctrine would be stone dead, and the whole continent of America would become the playground of Hitler and the Nazis.

Nor is the hesitation due to the fact that America can disclaim any responsibility for the awful calamity that is making a shambles of the world.

I said a year ago, in dealing with the incredible Mr. Kennedy, that this war was ordained by America when she deserted the League of Nations.

That undeniable fact is emphasised by General Smuts in his recent broadcast.

"I wish to speak plainly on this point," he said. "I feel convinced that the United States, in abandoning the League of Nations to its fate after taking a leading part in its formation, helped to pave the way for the world war which is now devastating Europe, and into which she herself will inevitably be drawn. . . . As a member of the League her rôle would probably have been decisive."

GENERAL SMUTS did not say this in any recriminatory sense. He said it, and I quote it here, as an imperative counsel for the present and the future.

FOR THE FATE OF THE WAR AND THE FUTURE OF HUMANITY ARE ALIKE DEPENDENT ON THE SOLIDARITY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD.

So far the burden of the war has fallen on the British Commonwealth of Nations alone. We believe that, with the material aid of the United States, we can sustain it to a victorious conclusion.

But the strain is great, and with the treacherous betrayal of France by the Vichy quislings it is formidably aggravated. The

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

I am asked if all the talk about the best and biggest bombs is wise . . .

WHERE DOES THE MONEY COME FROM?

● War weapons weeks have been a revelation.

The amounts subscribed, particularly in the country, have been astonishing. Where was it hidden?

One successful business man declares that, if he were given *carte blanche* from the Treasury, he could find in Durham, Northumberland, Westmorland and Cumberland, within six weeks, £6,000,000, *which had never seen a bank.*

People used to think that the hidden hoard only happened in France—the stocking, teapot, clock, tea-caddy, the hole in the wall, and the hiding-place up the chimney.

It exists in the rural areas of England still.

Psychologically, the so-called "unsophisticated" people of this country do not altogether trust banks. They like to touch, feel and look at their possessions.

Business concerns would not find it possible to carry on except by means of banks and cheques.

But there are millions of people in the country who have got a little bit "put by," somewhere in secret.

And now they're "coughing it up."

At Ipswich, after hearing the Mayor address the meeting, a man walked on the platform and whispered to the chairman, who announced that this citizen had come forward with £350, all in silver. It had taken him 25 years to save!

IS "BEST BOMBS" TALK WISE?

● More and more, newspapers and B.B.C. talkers stress the fact that the bombs dropped over Germany are the "biggest and best"—to use Beaverbrook's phrase, "beautiful bombs."

I am asked if this is wise.

The truth is that whatever you do in a large-scale war is wrong from one point of view or another.

If we talk of our achievements, some accuse us of bragging. If we are reticent, we are told we do not understand propaganda.

As the war goes on, aeroplanes will move faster and faster, explosives will be more powerful, bombs will be bigger. And, naturally, the public will be told so.

The only peril about disclosing arms improvements is that it tends to make some people lethargic.

ARE SECRET SITTINGS NECESSARY?

● Yes, if they do not become so frequent that M.P.s, getting used to them, consent to a secret session every time some Minister urges that the work of his department cannot be publicly discussed.

On more than one occasion Members have gone to a secret sitting of Parliament expecting disclosures, and come away saying that they merely heard things that had been openly discussed in the lobbies weeks before.

Apart from figures of output and a greater frankness about our relations with certain Powers, almost nothing is really secret.

German agents, watching American ports, have a very shrewd idea of what munitions are being sent to us.

The most vital fact of all—our shipping losses—is publicly disclosed in the Government's monthly returns.

Still, the words "secret session" excite M.P.s, attract them to the House like a magnet and create talk. So it doesn't matter much.

HOW DOES MUSSOLINI HANG ON?

● By clinging to Hitler's coat-tails and being dragged along in his train.

His much-vaunted "African Empire" is no more. His boasts of the might of his air fleet are now a joke.

The world's screens have shown his armies trailing along deserts of sands as captives. His warships still hide in harbour.

Everything for which Fascism still stands is merely a hokey-pokey stall.

But for the Gestapo and the German "tourists" and craftsmen now in Italy, it is more than likely that the Italian populace would rise against him and demand peace.

But—Hitler gives Mussolini orders.

And it is Hitler's might that holds the Italians in subjection.

IS LACK OF HUMOUR A HANDICAP?

● We deride the Germans for their lack of humour. They think we are mad because we laugh in the teeth of adversity.

Who is right?

Well, for one thing, people with a sense of humour could not allow a dictator to rise. They would mock away his pretensions before they became Power.

Then, it is largely the British sense of humour that has enabled them to survive the trials which have followed bombing.

You might reasonably argue that very few men—most of the exceptions are to be found in the world of politics—have a sense of humour.

They have won through by taking themselves with the same seriousness as that with which they take the world.

And, when you see Nazidom sprawling over Europe—well, it is because of the earnestness which Germans take over everything.

But, in a long war, which will triumph—ponderous Grimness or a Sense of Humour?

We, while waiting—and working—for an answer can only conclude that, so far in History, it is our philosophy and not that of our enemies that has justified itself.

And there is no reason why it should not justify itself again.

...ILL DO

Lord Halifax, our Ambassador in the U.S., realising that youth must play a big part in shaping the new world order, gladly gives an interview for a school magazine

danger point which we navigated so miraculously last summer has reappeared.

We believe we can navigate it again; but if we are to be assured of victory the United States must take the plunge now.

If we can face the barbarian with a united front of the English-speaking world the issue is beyond doubt.

The mere sea power of the joint navies of Britain and the United States would alone be decisive.

All anxiety about the Atlantic and the menace from the West Coast of Africa would vanish. The blockade of the enemy ports would be tightened up, and the danger of the enemy seizing the islands in the South Atlantic would be diminished.

Apart from this, the fact that the United States was officially in the war would speed up the production of munitions there, and would have a devastating effect upon Nazi activities throughout the American continent.

But the intervention of the United States would have consequences far beyond the war. It would be the prelude to peace.

IT WOULD PROVIDE THE BLUE-PRINT OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER THAT MUST COME WHEN THE NIGHTMARE OF HITLERISM HAS PASSED.

IN the shaping of that Order the United States should have a leading part, and we can wish for nothing more fervently than that President Roosevelt should accomplish the task that President Wilson attempted but failed to achieve.

The tragedy of that failure, of which this war is so largely the outcome, must not be repeated.

And the way to prevent its repetition is to get down to the task as soon as the United States, by its entry into the war, has qualified for a place among the architects of the peace.

In designing that peace the architects will be free from many of the complications which bedevilled the Peace of Versailles. There will, for example, be no French and Italian rivalries to sow the seeds of future trouble.

It should be a peace that aims at establishing a World Order based on the outlawry of war, the reign of law secured by disarmament and the effective policing of the world by an international air force and the political and personal freedom of all its constituent parts.

It would embody the spirit and purposes of the League of Nations, but it would provide against the defects of that great instrument which brought it finally to grief.

I can conceive of no event which would so strike the imagination of the world as a declaration of peace aims signed on behalf of the whole English-speaking world by the names of President Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, General Smuts and the other heads of the British dominions.

Such a manifesto would ring like a trumpet of deliverance throughout the earth. It would inspire with new and dauntless courage those, like the Chinese, who are fighting the same battle of freedom on the other side of the globe.

It would thrill the hearts of the tortured and devastated nations of Europe with a new hope.

It would proclaim the gospel of liberty, peace and human brotherhood in challenge to the dark, Satanic gospel of brute force, fiendish hate, racial supremacy and world-wide enslavement by which the monster of Berlin seeks to destroy the soul of mankind.

AND it would do more. It would inaugurate that union of the English-speaking peoples which must be the corner-stone of the World Order of the future.

If freedom is not to "perish from the earth"—to use Lincoln's great phrase—it must no longer be left to be destroyed in detail. It must be defended as the common interest of mankind.

AND ITS GUARDIAN MUST BE THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES, WHOSE IMMORTAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD IS THE IDEA OF LIBERTY AND THE PRACTICE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

It is of good omen that the demand for the union of the British and American democracies in this crisis should come from a great American.

It is that union, so ardently advocated across the Atlantic by Mr. Clarence Streit, which can alone save civilisation from shipwreck now and secure it against peril in the future.

Meanwhile, it is for America to act. And the events of the last few days give promise that the hour of decision is near.

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

These Stones will Rise Again

OFTEN before the war I used to escape from the busy human tide that flowed along Fleet Street and seek the peace of the Inner Temple. That oasis brought a feeling of peace and serenity. The walls of the ancient church stood sentinel over the placid lanes and gardens.

They had withstood for centuries the ravages of Time. Their roots were in the past; yet they breathed the living present.

A few days ago I picked my way over rubble and shattered glass along the same passage which once was my avenue of escape.

The oasis had ceased to be. The church was in ruins. Fire and bombs had done their devilish work. This beautiful building which had withstood for centuries the rain and the wind, the tempest and the snow, was now a blackened shell.

I clambered over the heaps of rubble to a spot where a grey stone tomb marked the resting-place of one of Britain's famous sons.

"Oliver Goldsmith" were the words chiselled on the stone—Goldsmith, from whose pen flowed words of peace and beauty.

★ ★ ★

There came to my mind the lovely lines from "The Deserted Village"—

The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whisp'ring lovers made.

The decent church! Two hundred yards away from where I stood the walls of St. Clement Danes mocked the bright May sunshine.

The famous church whose bells are immortalised in London's nursery rhyme, "Oranges and Lemons," was another example of Nazi "culture"—in terms of destruction.

Further East, the slender beauty of the spire of St. Bride's mourned the burnt-out ruins of another Wren masterpiece.

★ ★ ★

And yet, as I stood gazing at the desolation in the Inner Temple, there was in my heart neither despondency nor gloom. These things, it seemed, had to be.

They were symbolic of the fiery ordeal through which we must pass before regaining those simple, lovely things of which Goldsmith wrote.

They were part of the price we are paying and, maybe, will continue to pay, that our children and our children's children may enjoy the quiet and the content of this lovely land of ours.

Though we mourn the destruction of historic buildings, of famous churches, we must mourn them, not in despair, not in travail, but in a determination that their passing will be avenged.

When I saw the effects of the first bombs that fell on London I was sickened. A wave of nausea passed over me, and I felt as though I were in the presence of something obscene.

To-day that nausea has vanished. There are bigger things to occupy our minds and our energy than the gaps that disfigure the building line of London's thoroughfares.

Every bit of rubble, every fragment of glass, every piece of charred wood is a spur to our war effort.

Some people I have met say they cannot bear to look at the devastation caused by the Nazi raiders. They think that by shirking such sights they will have easier minds.

Well, we have no place in our national endeavour for the easy mind. We want every man and woman in this country to have a mind working on a one-track line—the line that leads to victory, the line that eventually will restore the pastoral peace of the "seats beneath the shade."

The more we dwell on the destruction around us the more we shall brace ourselves for the final testing time. Morale that can withstand the savage fury of the *Luftwaffe* blitzes can only be strengthened by the sight of the damage done by the bombers.

★ ★ ★

From the ruined buildings of London, Plymouth, Bristol, Coventry, Liverpool, Manchester and other towns that bear the marks of Nazi "culture" comes an overpowering tide of silent eloquence.

That tide will carry us on. It will enable us to breast the waves which would hurl us to complete destruction; it will bear us ever more determined over the ocean of war.

These stones will rise again. And when the new beauty of Britain thrusts itself into the skies, it will flourish in the traditions of peace and honour and decency; and the obscenity of the ruins will be only the memory of what a nation once endured so stoutly and so bravely.

Can't See the Wood for Trees!

THERE is a tremendous demand for timber.

Yet the Forestry Commission has just issued an order to the effect that its workers must do forty-seven hours a week in future instead of forty-eight.

Hardly in the spirit of "Go to it," is it?

It isn't because the demand for timber has gone down.

The same Commission is taking on more men!—F. B. F., Perthshire.

We have seen the countryside being denuded of straight pines while, a few miles away, straight pines in scores have been lying felled for years. We can give the Commission the whereabouts if it wants it. They are being fast stolen for firewood!

Voice of the People

No Militarism!

Men are being conscripted into the A.R.P. Services. Excellent!

A.R.P. Services are being issued with battledress. Good again.

But no saluting, parade-ground discipline, and other militaristic trappings, please!

The spirit of these Services is grand. Don't let it be spoiled.—I. M. Brown, Bank Street, Hillhead, Glasgow, W.2.

Now She Knows

One of your readers who complains that her husband lost his sergeant's stripes because wounds took him away from his unit obviously doesn't understand Army promotion.

Even when promotion is gained to N.C.O. rank no pay is received until the rank has been held for twenty-one consecutive days, when back pay is credited.

No N.C.O. is "safe" until he has held his rank for at least nine months, for, if he should leave his unit to go to hospital for twenty-one days or more, he reverts to his old rank.—W. G., Toronto Road, Horfield, Bristol.

Bishop in the Stocks

Bishop of Exeter suggests that where more than five children appear in a court in a week a parent, a schoolteacher and a vicar should be put in the stocks for an hour.

More than ten—and the parent of a public school boy, a headmaster and a rural dean should be added, for a two-hour stay in the pillory.

More than twenty, and the Mayor, Chief Constable and Bishop of the Diocese should be exhibited to public scorn for a whole day.

I would make one alteration. I would add the local M.P.—L. O. Roberts, Exeter.

Gipsy Tricks

Gipsies have developed a new technique for frightening housewives who won't pay to have their palms read.

They appear to go off in a trance, and then forecast: "I see bombs dropping. I see your house a heap of bricks."

If it is an offence to "cause despondency or alarm," it should be a ten times worse offence to frighten superstitious women out of their lives.—Mrs. B. S. J., Beeston Grove, Adswood, Stockport

Many gipsies in this country are of German origin. There have been several invasions of Britain by such gipsies in the last fifty years.

Mannequin Major

I was quite under the impression that the Government has power to conscript women for essential services.

Then, to my amazement, I read that a handsome, dashing major of the R.E.s, possessed of a dynamic personality, was being sent all over the country trying to attract girls into the nation's service with a film-star smile and alluring tongue.

How the Nazis must laugh!—R. W. L., Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Gloucester.

After Blitz Tours

Nazis are condemned for keeping sightseers away from bombed areas. It is argued that they are afraid to let the truth be known.

Our authorities are being condemned for letting people look over the bombed areas.

And the authorities are threatening all sorts of restrictions!

Anybody hampering demolition work should be arrested for obstruction. But, for heaven's sake, let us have liberty to see what has happened. *We* are not Nazi dupes.—Miss L. B., Brighton Road, Burgh Heath, Surrey.

Hell Corner

Examine the published R.A.F. map of areas bombed and see how the north-east corner, including Prussia, has escaped lightly.

Yet there is the hell land of the real Huns—the traditional war-waging class of Germany from which Hitler—and the Kaiser before him—drew most of his war chiefs and military strategists.

We should systematically smash and bomb that area to counteract the Nazi efforts to undermine our civilian morale. Destroy the breeding-ground of the beasts behind the *panzers*. — Tom McEwen, Grange Terrace, Bo'ness, West Lothian.

Piecemeal

According to a post-office friend, the parcel post is tremendously inflated by parcels of tobacco and cigarettes sent by people in towns with good supplies to friends in towns experiencing a shortage.

Surely there would be less strain on the nation's transport services if a town got its supplies by the truckload, and not in scores of thousands of small parcels.—A. Pearce, Richmond Road, Twickenham.

Key Money—New Style

Beware of the newest food racket.

I went into a well-known store and asked for a tin of sardines. It was given to me minus the key, and I was told: "The keys are a penny each, madam."

I refused it, and used a tin-opener.—Mrs. A. Morton, 27, Chapel Road, Mitcham, Surrey.

Pleasant Surprise

I estimated the value of my modest household effects at about £200.

But when I set about making a complete inventory I found the value was nearer £400.

Now I am taking out a policy for the amount not already covered by the Government scheme.

I strongly advise every householder to draw up a *complete* inventory. There would be a few surprises.—M. Roberts, Wollaton Road, Nottingham.

So Do We

I am only a part-time fireman, but I am one of a part-time crew that turns out every night there is a raid in the Bristol area.

I have ruined, during these blitzes, two macintoshes, a shirt, and dozens of pairs of socks.

We don't mind the duties at all, but we do think there should be some small dress allowance.—H. Mills, Pembroke Avenue, Shirehampton, Bristol.

At Reader Mills' request, payment is being sent to Bristol A.F.S. Benevolent Fund.

The Army Pays Up!

An artilleryman friend of mine who came home on leave from his unit in Scotland was "on the rocks"—although his pockets were stuffed with notes.

Reason: the Army had paid him in Scottish pound notes, unacceptable in English shops.

Not very intelligent of the Army authorities.—H. V. Dunn, Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. Address: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THESE MEN WORK FOR US FOR 5s. A YEAR

SMILINGLY, a jovial but energetic American went home exactly one year ago to tell his wife that his annual salary would henceforth be —one dollar.

Yes, she was surprised. The more so because her husband, William S. Knudsen, had for the last ten years earned a steady income of over 150,000 dollars per year as president of General Motors.

He explained that he had been appointed head of the Defence Commission —first of many business and labour leaders to serve their country for a nominal salary of less than 5s. a year.

On them, as well as on British war leaders, depends the outcome of the Battle of the Atlantic, and, indeed, the Battle of Democracy.

Their job is to produce arms, both for the United States and for Britain. "The real boss" of the Commission, they will tell you, is President Roosevelt.

Knudsen has the typical American "success career" behind him since, forty years ago, he arrived from his native Denmark and started work as a cycle mechanic.

He profited by the cycle boom, switched over to the motor-car industry, and helped Ford, who described him as "the wizard of mass-production," left to join General Motors, and was soon producing more cars a year than even Ford himself.

Perhaps it is because he is a family man (one son, three daughters) that he is informal in dealing with his workers.

And he's still fond of dancing at the age of 61.

★ ★ ★

His partner on the commission, little bespectacled Sidney Hillmann, is a president, too.

But he presides over the big union of American Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and his job is to supply the ever-increasing numbers of arms workers needed and to reconcile the interests of labour with those of rapid war-production.

The man supplying the money is Federal Loan Administrator Jesse Jones, who has lent more money on behalf of his Government than any other man alive.

Nicknamed "Emperor Jones" because of the tremendous power he wields, Jones scares even millionaire bankers by his terrific temper and imperious impatience.

"Britain is a good risk for a loan," he has said—a good enough compliment from a hard-bargaining lender who has recovered most of the 10,000 million dollars he handed out during his reign.

Jones started as a timber merchant in Houston, Texas. Within ten years he owned 65 timber yards.

From timber he turned to finance—and became Emperor Jones.

★ ★ ★

World-important figure now that the Battle of the Atlantic reaches its climax is Secretary Knox, Chief of the U.S. Admiralty.

Instead of becoming a minister, as his Presbyterian family expected him to, Knox joined the "Rough Riders" and toured on horseback.

Joining up in the last war, he was promoted to major for distinguished service in the field.

Back in the States, Knox became a 10-dollar-a-week reporter, and rose to be owner of the important Chicago *Daily News*.

When he accepted a post in the Roosevelt Administration (though he is a Republican), he declared that his own department was just a bottleneck. So he reorganised it—bringing in new men and new ideas.

One of his collaborators is James V. Forrestal, a dapper young genius of Wall Street, who gave up a vast income to speed-up American naval plans.

★ ★ ★

Another dollar-a-year-man, young yet grey-haired, is Ed. Stettinus, who used to earn 100,000 dollars a year.

Now, on behalf of national defence, he is buying vast quantities of raw materials.

He had to amass enough rubber, for example, to forestall any attempt by Japan to cut off supplies from the Dutch East Indies.

Well, Stettinus laughs at the Japanese. He has one year's supply in hand already.

On the other side of the fence sits Philip Murray, leader of American labour. "Total War Means Total Defence" is his slogan.

Lucky for Britain that the U.S.A. has such men!

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY .... By WILL SCOTT

CONTENTS NOTED

GEORGE and Howard were good friends, but bad correspondents, as, indeed, very many other people are. They had been together for so long, and had always been able to *say* what they had to say without the labour of putting it down on paper, that when at last there was nothing else for it they seemed almost like stranger addressing stranger.

George stayed on in London, but at the very outbreak of war Howard was moved far to the West, and there left with never a half-day of leave from first to last.

Letters passed weekly to begin with, for then there really was news, especially from Howard, leading a strange life with strange people in unaccustomed surroundings. And although George wrote of old familiar things, unusual happenings had come to them, so that there was news there, too.

But as the months passed the news began to wear thin, and "Will write again next week" came to mean "In eight days' time," "In ten days," "In a fortnight."

Presently, if each received a letter once a month he considered himself lucky. Neither minded, being equally an offender. They knew how things were. The offence was light.

Not so, though, with some others. Jack Winton, for one. Howard gave up writing in the end because it was a waste of time. He was surprised, and he wondered a bit, because he'd known Jack for years. He liked him, too, although George had always insisted there was something shifty and untrustworthy about him. Still, even so, he might write.

One day, having a spare quarter of an hour, Howard dropped a line to George, to see if George had any news of Jack.

The letter, having spent three or four days in the post, as letters have a habit of doing in these times, reached George on a busy Monday evening. He read it and put it behind the clock.

"I must reply to old Howard tomorrow," he said.

At the end of the week: "I *must* reply to old Howard one of these days."

And after a month or so: "I never replied to old Howard. I don't know what he'll think. I really must get down to it the first time I have a minute to spare."

That was the business, though; to get spare minutes, and enough of them to let you give your mind to the cumbersome and dull business of stringing a letter together. It would have been easier if either of them had had any talent in that direction, but they were, and knew it, pen-tied.

He read it and put it behind the clock. "I must reply to old Howard to-morrow," he said

AT last George decided that he could not decently dodge the issue any longer. He took Howard's letter down from behind the clock and re-read it to refresh his memory.

A line to ask if you can tell me whether Jack Winton has changed his address. Or maybe he has left town altogether? Do you happen to know?

I haven't had even one line from him since I came here over a year ago. A case of out of sight out of mind, I should say. Perhaps you don't keep in touch?

Hope you're fit. I never felt better in my life. I feel as if I could walk to the top of a mountain and back four times a day.

No other news.

All the best,
Howard.

George shook his head as he re-read the letter. Fancy relying on a skunk like Jack Winton anyway. Fancy expecting to hear from him, or imagining that he had a thought for anybody but himself.

Well, he'd warned Howard plenty of times, told him the sort of fellow Jack really was. He couldn't do more.

And he himself was certainly not so interested in Jack that he followed him about and kept track of his movements. He didn't know where he was and didn't want to know.

He plucked pen, ink and paper from a shelf and wrote his reply to Howard.

Replying to your last, really, Howard, I don't know and I don't care. Some friendships wear very thin when the so-called friends never meet. And some people make you more and more tired as the years go by.

As to keeping in touch, I'm afraid the kettle has gone off the boil, and I've lost all interest. I haven't much spare time, certainly none to waste.

The news of your health is the best news I've had for a long time,

Yours,
George.

WHEN the weeks became months Howard began to wonder if something had gone wrong at George's end. Certainly their letters had been growing farther and farther apart, but they had never been quite so far apart as this before.

He thought he'd write, and then he thought not. After all, it was George's turn to write. He didn't quite see why *he* should be the first to give two for one.

He felt a little hurt about old George.

Of course, there really was nothing to write about. He knew that. He'd got to the end of all his anecdotes about his new life, about the strangeness of life here in the West Country, about the uncomfortable diggings from which he kept moving, but to none better; he'd exhausted all that weeks ago. And George had recounted all the departures from "home," and the changes there, until the most common phrase in all his letters was now "as I believe I told you."

Still, even a line to say he was alive.

Yes, there was a point! Because in these days you never knew.

Howard remained undecided, and just a little hurt. And he had the 'flu, which made him feel none the happier. But at last curiosity got the better of him, and he put pen to paper and sent George a reminder.

Did you get a short note from me some nine or ten weeks ago? If you did and replied, perhaps your reply got lost in the post. Or perhaps my letter did. Anyway, I haven't had a line from you for ages and ages.

I asked about Jack. Let me know, will you, when you've got a minute to spare? Or do you work twenty-four hours a day, and is that why I don't hear from you?

Things drag on these days, don't they? What a world! I wonder if we shall ever know again times like the old times. I doubt it.

Have had the 'flu very badly, and at one time I really thought I was a goner. Temperature right up at the top. I am crawling about again now, but only just crawling, feeling three-quarters dead.

Write and say if you're still alive.

All the best,
Howard.

Just crawling, he crawled to the end of the street and posted the letter in the box in the pub. wall.

And, as letters have a habit of doing in these times, the letter spent three or four days in the post on its way to George.

TWO days after he had posted the letter in the box in the pub. wall at the end of the street the postman called at the latest lodgings and brought a letter for Howard.

This letter:

Replying to your last, really, Howard, I don't know and I don't care. Some friendships wear very thin when the so-called friends never meet. And some people make you more and more tired as the years go by.

As to keeping in touch, I'm afraid the kettle has gone off the boil, and I've lost all interest. I haven't much spare time, certainly none to waste.

The news of your health is the best news I've had for a long time.

Yours,
George.

After three months or so George began to wonder what had happened to Howard, and why the blighter never wrote. He sent him a short letter one week-end, asking for news.

After a week the letter came back marked *Gone away. Address not known.*

Thinking there must be some mistake, he tried again a couple of weeks later, but with the same result. After that there was nothing he could do. The next move was up to Howard.

But Howard made no move, and makes none now. George has never heard from him since.

He can't understand it

Read This If You Love Your Child

Every mother would gladly sacrifice her own life to protect her children. Yet many mothers actually risk their children's health without realising it—by giving them harsh laxatives to take.

What you should do instead, is give the marvellous "natural" laxative 'California Syrup of Figs.' Child specialists advise it, whenever children are out of sorts—lacking in 'life' and energy and fail to thrive as they should.

For 'California Syrup of Figs' actually contains the juices of sun-ripened figs. Children love it. And what it does is beyond belief.

'California Syrup of Figs' gently but completely clears all pent-up bile and hard, poisonous waste from the bowels. It sweetens the sour stomach, and strengthens digestion. It keeps the blood pure and free from fever. Remember, nothing stops a child's growth and progress like constipation, so give a weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' Your child will love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

Get a bottle to-day. Obtainable everywhere at 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax). The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Insist on 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

Smile all the while

Whatever the day brings we've got to keep smiling. So let's make our smiles worth while. Above all don't take chances with your teeth. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. What about the paste you are using now? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a Tin.

Keep the winning

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d. & 1/3d.
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d.
Including Purchase Tax.

Smile!

How Horlicks can supplement children's food in war-time

EVERYONE knows that the shortage of sweets falls hard on children.

The craving they have for sweet things reflects a profound physiological *need*—their need for a food that is all quickly converted into energy.

Horlicks consists largely of natural sugars (milk sugar and malt sugars) and dextrins. These pass very rapidly into the blood-stream, providing just the quick energy that children need.

Without risk of upset, too! Children can take a lot of Horlicks quite safely, with nothing but benefit. Indeed, in cases of summer diarrhoea, Horlicks is recommended and widely used in hospitals because, being absorbed high up in the alimentary canal, it maintains the patient's strength without reaching the irritated bowel.

* * *

The shortage of *protein* (meat, fish, eggs) also falls hardest on children. For though it is not widely known, children actually need relatively *more* protein than adults.

Here again, Horlicks is of great value. There is a very high proportion of protein in Horlicks—14.2%. Half of this is milk protein, half cereal protein: an ideal dietary yield.

Horlicks also supplies the protective minerals. It is an especially good source of phosphorus.

So let your children have Horlicks. They'll love it and it will do them so much good. Prices are the same as before the war: from two shillings a bottle, at all chemists and grocers. If your chemist or grocer is temporarily out of stock of Horlicks, ask him again in a few days' time: probably by then a further delivery will have been made.

Note: Some children like their Horlicks "neat"—taken on a teaspoon straight from the bottle. In this way it seems more like the sweets they miss, and even in this concentrated form Horlicks can be digested easily.

HORLICKS

a word of four letters meaning the finest wringer-mangle-cleanser-all in one!

ACME

The makers deeply regret the enforced shortage of Acme Wringers due to war-time restrictions. Many regular Dealers are at present without supplies but, when conditions allow, immediate steps will be taken to replace used-up stocks.

THE ACME LION

DAZZLING WINDOWS
3 times quicker

I SHAKE SOME WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH
APPLY LIGHTLY TO WINDOW - NO HARD RUBBING IS NECESSARY
ALLOW A MOMENT TO DRY. THEN GIVE A QUICK POLISH WITH A DRY DUSTER

Windolene is so beautifully easy to use! No water splashing—no hard rubbing—no fuss or bother! Windolene cleans in a jiffy. It's economical, too—a 6d. tin of Windolene actually cleans over 200 square feet of glass. Try it on your windows, mirrors and picture glass.

Sturtell Polish Co., London, W.C.1
(Reckitt & Sons)

3d., 6d. and 1/- a tin

The Folly of Lost Tempers

HUMANIST'S postbag, bigger than ever in these days of strain, discloses problems that seem to be too often accepted as inevitable in everyday life. Rage is one . . .

"Last night he told me to clear off. I know he does not mean it but . . ."

ONE does not find temper included among the Seven Deadly Sins, because there are occasions when it is justifiable.

"Be ye angry and sin not," is the Scriptural injunction, to which is added: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

It is natural and human to "see red" when one is brought face to face with meanness, injustice, or cruelty.

Waiting your turn in a shop, you are angry with the person who thrusts herself to the front and demands to be served first.

Seeing a man ill-treat a cripple, a child—or even an animal—you naturally feel a wave of anger.

There is probably something wrong with you if you don't show temper at times.

The real problem is the man or woman who is perpetually flying into rages without any adequate reason—because he (or she) enjoys the experience and finds satisfaction in causing fear or unhappiness.

This kind of temper ought not to be endured with patience.

It is infantile behaviour carried into adult life.

Now read this letter from a woman reader who quarrelled with her sister several years ago and has never spoken to her since:

When I got a house of my own, I vowed that neither my sister nor her husband should enter it.

We live in the same town and pass one another in the street without a word.

Just lately I have done a lot of thinking. My husband is in the Army, my sister's husband in the Navy. I am blessed with three lovely children but my sister is alone.

Her home must feel far more empty than mine. I want to make up the quarrel and be friends with her. My heart aches for her.

There is enough bitterness in the world without making any more, but I don't know how to set about it. She may misunderstand my motives.

None of us is perfect. No doubt I may have hurt her many a time as she hurt me. But I want to let bygones be bygones.

Do you think I ought to try to make it up or let things stay as they are?

I shall be really grateful for your advice.

Of course she should make it up with her sister! No quarrel ought to go on month after month like that.

I expect, if the truth be known, they were both to blame for the separation, and it is likely that both are ready to forgive and forget.

THE next letter comes from a wife whose married life seems to be an unending series of squabbles about trifles:

We quarrel three or four times a week, and he says it is my fault because I nag him!

"Humanist," I ask you: Is it really nagging when a woman asks her husband to clean his teeth? It sounds childish, I know, but he will not keep himself clean.

When I tell him about it he says, "For goodness' sake, shut up nattering. I'll clean my teeth when I feel like it."

Last night he told me to clear off. I know he does not mean it, but he enjoys tormenting me and seeing me cry.

I do my level best for him. I have never neglected my home or my own appearance.

We have so much to be thankful for.

We have our home—which is more than some poor souls have. We are together as he is exempt from military service. We have an adorable child. We have saved a little money.

This is all I have ever wanted, yet I dread his coming home from work.

If I left him he would haunt the place where I went, yet he seems to say everything he can to hurt and humiliate me.

I cannot tolerate it any longer. Please help me if you can.

It is not nagging to criticise a man for not cleaning his teeth or keeping himself tidy.

The essence of nagging is to keep on and on at the same subject, and it is exasperating as a "nagging" tooth.

Does the writer of the letter do this? I put it to her. There must be some reason for the husband's prolonged ill-temper.

But there may be another explanation altogether. It may be that the man is dissatisfied with his marriage.

He may have wanted to marry a "Mary," and finds that he has got a "Martha"—one who is a wonderful housekeeper rather than a wonderful lover.

ANOTHER letter comes from a wife who tells me she is not much of a writer, but is in desperate need of advice:

On Sunday I quarrelled with my husband and called him everything but a man.

I even told him I would be willing to live with another man as long as he had a home to offer me.

This is not the first time I have said such things, and I know it hurts him very much.

He is such a good man. He is never nasty, and gives me enough to live on.

We could be a happy couple if only we had a house of our own.

For the nine years we have been married we have had only two rooms to live in—a living room and a bedroom.

I have three children ranging from six years to eight months.

The bedroom is too small for two beds so we all five have to sleep in one.

The other people in the house suffer from nerves. They can't stand the noise of children, but children must make some noise. They are not ornaments. They cannot keep still all the time.

My husband and I are fond of children and like them to play, but they get on other people's nerves, and this plays on ours.

I should like them to be brought up care-free, but it's the same day in and day out. "Hush! Don't make a noise!"

We have been promised a council house, but we have to wait our turn. The place is full of evacuees.

There is not room to quote further—but readers will see what is wrong.

The place is too cramped. It is unfair on all five of them.

Nerves are kept at strain night and day, and the wife flies into a temper with her husband and says things she does not mean for a moment.

There will be no happiness until they get more living space—a little house of their own.

I suggest that the two elder children might have a bed made up in the living room. The idea of five people in one bed is intolerable.

How many families could live together in harmony in such circumstances? Honestly I know of none.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

THE GREATEST OF THESE

William Hinds, a Doncaster shop assistant, contracted rheumatoid arthritis in 1938, but after hospital treatment was able to resume work.

Called up with the 28 group, he joined the Royal Artillery and was sent to the coast on A.A. guns.

Exposure to rain and cold brought recurrence of his old foot trouble. Then the rheumatoid arthritis affected spine and shoulders, and he had to be discharged from the Army as incurable.

He has a wife, two children aged two and four, and another baby is expected.

His tragic little family, trying to exist on 27s. 6d. a week, with 10s. 6d. rent to find, is nearly starving. His wife desperately needs clothes for herself and the expected baby.

Donations earmarked "Arthritis" or for our General Fund should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

CIVILISATION'S FOUNDATION.

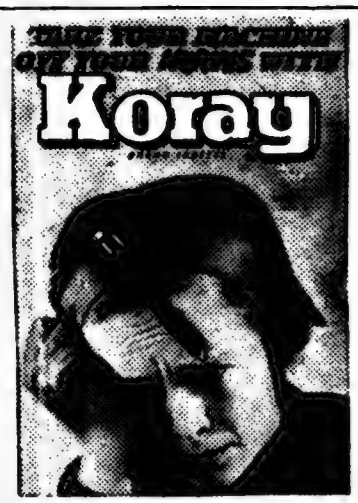
IT'S no use the Germans ranting about this and that and these, about dealing death and disaster and forcing men to their knees. About their special right to power, to build an Order New, it's all such an old, old story and it isn't even true!

AND it's doubtful if they really believe the things they say, it's just the way they bang the drum to get things their own way, and when things seem to favour them as they often do at first, they get drunk with pride of victory for which they ever thirst.

BUT force can only open those doors which it first must fell, turning the lives behind them into a living hell, for a nation with a broken door will all its manhood take, and with sacrifice and courage a stronger door will make. A door that will be blazoned with honour like a shield, while outside, the invaders' bones will rot on No-Man's Field.

SO it's no use the Germans ranting about New Orders they mean to make, they first must learn that new worlds are built on laws which man must not break, the law of preservation of things that men hold dear, not a shadow world cast by hate, misshapen by shrinking fear. Such worlds are bound to vanish, blown out like a candle-end, for the foundation for civilisation is the depth of man's good intend.

J. M.



WHEN YOU LEAVE YOUR WORK DOES IT LEAVE YOU?

When you've stopped working the drill, do you still feel it working in your head? When you've come off the machine, does it go on vibrating in your brain? YOU MUST GET SOME REST. Take KORAY and take your work off your n-e-r-v-e-s. KORAY means rest—sweet sleep, renewed energy, freedom from aches. *At once*, this amazing pink tablet brings glorious peace to jangled overstrained nerves. And it simply *smashes* pain of all kinds. Get KORAY to-day, and keep on top.

KORAY
GIVES INSTANT SAFE RELIEF
in cases of "Nerves," Head Pains, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Feverish Colds, Malaria, Feminine Ailments, etc.

KORAY LTD., London, N.5., and at Blackpool

ABROAD 3/- 7/- 15/- 21/-

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
will heal
SPRING SKIN TROUBLES

Now is the time when skin troubles afflict and worry many people. Has your skin erupted into a mass of pimples? Have you an inflamed patch? Is your skin itching and burning? Get a tin of *Germolene* at once and apply it to the afflicted place. You will be amazed at the result. Itching and inflammation vanishes at the first touch of this wonder ointment. Pimples and blemishes just simply disappear.

"My face was covered with pimples and blackheads," writes G.A.P., London. "I bought a tin of Germolene and applied a little to my face, when I awoke next morning my pimples and blackheads had vanished."

Germolene is the world's greatest healer. Even long standing ulcers cannot resist its great skin healing and cleansing power. The most obstinate of skin diseases give way.

Sold Everywhere: 7d. 1/3, 2/3 & 12/8 Inc. Pur. Tax.

EVERYBODY knows that our normal peacetime standards of living must be cut during a war. Everybody knows that ships must carry war needs; that material and labour must all work for the war effort. But does everybody realise that while a shortage of supplies means inconvenience to the buyer, it must mean hardship to the seller? All honour then to the great mass of traders who accept the new conditions with good grace.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

"Wouldn't YOU like a crop like this?"

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form, will make good this loss in 6 hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days! Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot harm or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES THIS YEAR—USE SANGRAL
TEN-DAY FERTILISER

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FREE 15-DAYS' TRIAL TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM **KIDNEY**
COMPLAINTS, BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, URINARY DISORDER.

5,000 Gratis test supplies of amazingly successful treatment.

Here's wonderful news for all sufferers from kidney complaints. Every victim of backache, rheumatism, lumbago, bladder trouble, or any symptom due to weak kidneys can obtain gratis a trial supply of the special remedy that will enable them to start an amazingly successful dual-eliminator treatment that really acts like magic. All your aches and pains disappear. No more exhausting down-dragging weakness. Your vigour and vitality is increased. You begin to enjoy life all over again. This new treatment astonishes everyone with the quick way it acts. The free supply sent you starts the good work. Your kidneys wake up to life. No more disturbed nights. No more days of exhausting nagging pain. You run no risk—unless you are completely satisfied with the benefit obtained after 15 days' Trial, the treatment will not cost you a penny.

Just send your name and address, together with 4½d. stamps for postage and packing, and get your free supply and booklet explaining the

KHIDNORENE Dual-Eliminator Treatment.

KHATORENE Products (Dept. J.B.), High Street, Ross-on-Wye.

A. W. HELLIWELL, *in another of his vivid stories of famous boxers, reveals the soul of that game little Scot, Benny Lynch, who, after shooting up to championship glory, is*

BACK WHERE HE BEGAN

When Benny returned to Glasgow twenty thousand people lined the streets. He was on top of the world

FROM booth fighter to world champion and back to booth fighting again, all within a space of eight years, is, within my knowledge at any rate, an unhappy record unparalleled in the history of boxing.

Benny Lynch, the tough little Scot who was taken for this heart-breaking ride on the dizzy switchback of fortune and misfortune, is one of the ring's most tragic failures.

Poor misguided Benny.

The heady wine of fame proved too much for him. He had the world at his nimble feet, a fortune within grasp of those chunky fists with which he battened his way out of the slums of Glasgow's south side—and he has lost it all.

Pride Before a Fall

I have in my mind two vividly contrasted pictures of Lynch.

The first is of him stepping jauntily into Peter Kane's dressing-room at Shawfield Park after he had knocked out the little Lancashire blacksmith.

Very dapper in a close-fitted topcoat and dashing cap, his lean, puckish face wreathed in smiles, Benny, the conquering hero, had come to commiserate with his vanquished friend.

"Tough luck, Peter," he said in his slow drawl. "You put up a grand scrap."

That was Lynch sitting on top of the world, off to celebrate yet another glorious victory with a bunch of the many friends and flatterers fame had brought him.

And there is the other picture of Benny less than twelve months later, a pale-faced, unhealthy travesty of the slim-waisted, steel-muscled young man we had known, failing so miserably at the National Sporting Club.

Not a vestige of the speed and skill and dynamic punch that had placed him among the kings of the ring was left.

For me and for many other lovers of the sport at the ringside it was an ordeal to sit and watch his pitiful humiliation, and I, for one, was glad when the farce was over and Aurel Toma, one-time chauffeur to King Carol, sent him crashing to the canvas in the third round.

He Knew the Truth

A few months before, in the summer of 1938, Benny had lost his world flyweight crown in circumstances almost as discreditable.

True, he had beaten his opponent on a technical knockout in the twelfth round, but he had thrown away all the honours when he stepped on to the scales a few hours before and disclosed that he was many pounds over the 8st. limit.

With his hands clasped behind his head and not a trace of emotion on his thin face, Lynch had waited while the scales were adjusted.

Only he knew the truth. No one else in the room suspected it. Reports from his training quarters had led us to believe that his preparation was going well and that he would easily make the weight. . . .

But what a terror and what a wonder he was in his prime, in the days when he was battling his way from the obscurity of the ranks of the "preliminary boys" to a crack at Jackie Brown's three titles—the British, European and World flyweight championships.

There is romance as well as tragedy in Benny's story.

He reached the top by a hard, rough road, fighting every inch of the way, and that is why his crash, when it came, was so lamentable. He had earned and deserved success.

Lynch was a messenger boy in Glasgow—self-possessed, cheeky, older than his years, like so many kids from the South Side tenements—when he ran away to seek his fortune.

Like tens of thousands of other Scots before him, he crossed the border and headed south.

In Manchester, with his slim resources running low, he found himself outside a boxing booth tent listening to the barker's noisy challenge—"A parnd—twenty shinin' shillings to anyone who stands up to the champ for three rounds."

Quietly Benny elbowed his way to the front.

"I'll hae a crack at it," he said.

The barker looked and grinned when he saw the thin and under-nourished-looking boy. He liked them small. So did the "Champ," and this kid looked as though a puff of wind would be strong enough to topple him over.

But the youngsters on Glasgow's South Side—the "Dead End" kids of Scotland—are tough.

Benny, untutored though he was, had no difficulty in avoiding the booth plug-ugly's clumsy rushes, and the threepenny customers who crowded into the hot and smoke-filled tent saw the first public demonstration of the smashing punch that was to win Lynch world honours.

Boxing Booth Honours

He knocked out the "Champ," and from the moment he walked out of the booth with a crisp note clutched tightly in his hand, he set his heart on becoming a professional fighter.

Little more than a schoolboy, he had no knowledge of the business side of the game; so for a time he followed boxing booths around England, picking up a precarious living and a wealth of useful experience.

At last, still fighting, he found his way back to Glasgow.

Here the Saturday night crowds swiftly took him to their hearts. They called him the "Whistling Boxer" because he danced up and down like a marionette as he fought, and the audience got into the habit of whistling in time to his jigging.

It was here that Sammy Wilson, to whose shrewd guidance Lynch owed much of his success, discovered him.

Wilson it was who moulded him from crude booth slugger into world champion, and he did the trick in four short years.

Mind you, he had good material to work on—the best in fact, for Benny is a natural fighter, and long before Wilson put the final polish on his ringwork he had a perfect straight left and a peach of a right.

Wilson taught him to cut out the ceaseless jigging that had won him his nickname and to conserve his energies. Learning swiftly, Benny developed into a deadly little fighting machine.

In those days he was eight stone of bone and whipcord muscle, and he fought with a lazy grin that belied the ruthless concentration of his attack.

Lynch won the title from Jackie Brown in Manchester in September, 1935.

He had previously boxed a hotly disputed draw with Brown and, profiting by the experience gained then, he made no mistake at the second meeting.

Calm, poker-faced, he dominated the fight from the first punch, and long before the end of the first round Brown had lost the perky grin with which he had stepped from his corner.

Half-way through the next session the dour, determined little Scot had battered him to a standstill and the fight was stopped.

Triumphant Return

Benny returned to Glasgow in triumph.

Twenty thousand people lined the streets to hail the twenty-one-years-old hero who had brought Scotland its first world championship.

Workmen perched high in the station roof hammered a deafening tattoo on the girders as their contribution to the applause.

Lynch, shy and bewildered, could do nothing but blush and twist his cap in his hands.

When he reached Florence Street, where he had been born, his confusion was even greater. The drab tenements around which he had played as a youngster were gay with flowers and bunting—the South Side's own welcome to its own champion.

So for Benny the halcyon days began.

The boy who had once been glad of five bob a fight was now up in the £2,000 class. And with success and wealth came friends—too many of them.

He could go nowhere without being surrounded by an admiring crowd.

If he had kept his head Lynch might still have held a proud place in the boxing world. Instead, he is one of the ring's forgotten men. When his name crops up it is always associated with those tragic words "he might have been."

Lost His Last Fight!

I know how Benny has tried to wipe out the past.

After the Aurel fiasco he went into a sanatorium to get fit. The idea then was that after rest and treatment he should make a trip on a cargo boat to toughen himself up for a comeback.

But, as his fellow countryman Bobbie Burns wrote, "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

Benny, whose downfall had shocked the whole sporting world, kicked over the traces again and turned up in Glasgow to continue the treatment "in my own back garden," as he put it.

He told me then that he was engaged in the greatest and hardest fight of his life—"the fight with myself," he said.

It seems that he lost, for more troubles followed, and the last I heard of him he was back where he began—taking on all comers in a booth somewhere near Fife.

★ IF YOU KNOW OF AN INJUSTICE ANYWHERE . . .
★ FEEL THAT SOMEBODY IS BEING PENALISED . . .
★ FEEL THAT YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR DUE . . .

Write to 'John Bull' About It!

The Last Laugh

GEORGE (Huddersfield).—"There are certainly some first-class idiots in the world. When will people stop looking for an escape of gas with a naked light?" When they've found one.

C. D. (Rochester). — "Some actors work hard all their lives, and what are the fruits of their labours?" Overripe tomatoes, very often.

T E. (Derby).—"I have always been a very firm believer in the saying that two heads are better than one." You're a ventriloquist?

D. S. (Chester).—"Even Hollywood is affected by the war. Times are said to be relatively quite hard there." In fact, some actresses may have to make their husbands last another season.

D. N. (Emsworth).—"I'm quite happy as a gunner in the Army, but can you guess what I was in civilian life?" Happier still.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"He was unaware THAT HE WAS UNAWARE that he was contravening the Post Office Act."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"So a REPUTATION of them visited the stronghold that he had built."

DAILY MAIL:—"Several persons were INSPIRED and had to be taken to hospital."

D. M. (Wainfleet).—"When I called at your office last week you weren't looking half as smart as when I saw you a year ago." That's strange—it was the same suit.

J. K. (Burnham).—"Don't you think my story leaves something to the imagination?" Yes, after reading the first page we imagined what the rest was like.

D. S. (Bridgwater).—"Certain psychologists maintain that there's no such thing as pain." Then what is it some people give us?

J. W. (Bloomsbury).—"As I sit in my lodgings at night I often wish I could see pictures in the fire." So do we—our landlady's.

C. C. (Rawmarsh). — "How exactly would you explain the term 'puppy love'?" We should call it the beginning of a dog's life.

LANDLADY (Harrow). — "There's been such a pounding of feet on the floor above us the last three nights that we asked the lodger what he was doing, and he said he was taking his medicine." The doctor told him to take it two nights running, we suppose, and then to skip the third night.

G. L. (Hampstead).—"I woke up last night to find a burglar in my bedroom, and when I asked him what he was doing he said he was looking for money." So you got out of bed and followed him about hopefully?

F. T. (Coulsdon).—"My doctor told me that if I slept with my windows open I should lose my cold. So I tried it." And lost your watch and chain?

E. H. (Maida Vale). — "She caught her husband kissing the maid. What a situation!" A situation soon vacant, eh?

MRS. V. (Colchester). — "My husband is quite intelligent when it comes to an argument." He never starts one with you?

P. K. (Dewsbury).—"The sunbathing craze is likely to leave its mark upon the nation." Especially where the straps of the costume have been.

W. P. (Purley).—"The British lion is a splendid symbol of our race. Can you think of any animal of which the lion stands in awe?" Yes—the lioness.

RECRUIT (Aldershot).—"A fellow told me that the first thing to do before cleaning a rifle is to examine the number. Why?" To make sure you're not cleaning somebody else's.

G. D. (Edgware).—"Keep a goat in your back garden and you will have milk, butter and cheese." If you don't keep it in your back garden, you'll have complaints from the neighbours.

PTE. M. (East Coast).—"He's quite a lady-killer now that he has three stripes on his arm." He thinks he can have every girl on it, too?

A. C. (Marple).—"Love, to-day, hasn't the same intensity it once had." True. A girl may love you from the bottom of her heart, but there's always room for another fellow at the top.

F. P. (Newark).—"Before marriage a man yearns for a woman of his own. What then?" After marriage the "y" is silent.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, what about Lawrence o' Arabia? 'E blinkin' well knowed what 'e was doin', didn't 'e?"

ONLY Phensic relieved the terrible HEAD PAINS

HERE is a letter which illustrates the great power of Phensic to stop pain and calm nerves. Mrs. L.A., of Bournemouth tells us that *"After a bout of influenza with complications, including inflammation in both ears for which I had all kinds of treatment. The only thing to ease the terrible pain was PHENSIC. Within 15 minutes I was able to sleep."* This letter reveals, not only the pain-killing power of Phensic, but also its comforting, tonic effect.

Try Phensic when you feel dull, or weary, or when you feel symptoms of cold or chill. Millions have proved there's nothing to match Phensic. Get some now!

Prices 3½d, 7d, 1/5, 3/5, and 5/8
(Including Purchase Tax)

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*

Smokers' 'Fur'

How to detect it—
How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Protect Teeth with new toothpaste containing * 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid to-night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

7½d., 1/1d., and 1/10½d. (including Purchase Tax). Sold Everywhere.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

THE ANTACID TOOTHPASTE

** 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

NEARLY CRIPPLED by RHEUMATIC ACIDS now they both cycle!

Here is an amazing letter from G.H.S., London, N.17:

"I was nearly a cripple. After trying many remedies I began to consider myself a permanent partial invalid. My wife bought me a tin of Fynnon, more through a desire to do something for me than with any hopes it would do me good. Gradually I felt my pains easing. My wife seeing my improvement also began to take Fynnon, as she has suffered with her legs for years. So well did we both begin to feel that I bought a tandem. My improvement continues and we have decided to scrap the old machine and get a new one!"

Shift the rheumatic acids—and you shift the rheumatic trouble. That's the moral of that letter. And it takes Fynnon Salt to do the trick! Get some Fynnon to-day! Large tin 1/5. Trial size 7d., including Purchase Tax. From all chemists.

Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Great West Road, Bromford, Middx.

£200 BULLETS and BIG NEW CASH OFFER for XWORDS

PRIZES value over

£50 FIRST PRIZE | £10 | £4 | £2

29/- | 27/- | 3 of 25/-

50 of 5/- | 60 of 2/6

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,272.
1. Biren, 48, Stanley Avenue, Beckenham.
Example: FOR KING AND COUNTRY
Bullet: WITHOUT "DESTRUCTION"—AND WHERE?
£20 Second Prize: A. B. Pennington, 61, Lawrence Rd., Wavertree.
Example: Take Care Of Feet And
Bullet: "Convoy" It Past Profiteer!
£10 Third Prize: Mrs. B. Riley, 317A, Smithdown Lane, Liverpool.
Example: Fair Play
Bullet: Another "Religion" Hitler Hates.
£5: J. Beard, 77, Pensby Cross Lane, St. Helens, Lancs.
Like A Giant—And An Ant, Churchill!
£4: Miss W. Adkins, 19, Ivater Road, Westminster.
Fall Of Benes—Since "Transplanted" In Czechia.
£3: Pte. G. G. Smith, 37, Pigtown, R.A.O.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Like A Giant—Hitler. Seen From "Depths".
£2: Miss E. Apthorpe, 8, Vicarage Road, Hastings
While You Work—Think Of London "Smithies"!

50s.: P. Richardson, M.C., St. Thomas' Rd., Chorley.
Wish Those Guilty Must "Succumb" For Ruthless.
50s.: J. H. Thompson, 31, Darlington Rd., Crosby.
Wish Those Responsible Must "Succumb" For Ruthless.
50s.: J. Lumsdaine, 22, Grant Newton St., Liverpool.
Sure "Succumb" Shadows Ruthless Wish.
50s.: K. E. Rochfield, 71, Commercial Rd., Hereford.
Bullet: Sure "Succumb" Ruthless.
50s.: W. H. Pearce, 13, Bridge Av., Westcliff, Essex, Shelton.
Bullet: Wish Those Britain Been "Succumbing"!
50s.: H. Cooke, Road 1, 77, Croft, Rd., Scunthorpe.
Looking At One Other Difference—Something Appreciable!
50s.: H. Lock, 32, Manchester Rd., Bradford.
Bullet: Should Though—Shelton—Wish Fell Ruthless!
50s.: R. E. Cordell, 61, Liverpool Rd., Islington, N.
The Silent—And Perfect Traveller Dependable!

A List of the Winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices. The 1,200 Bullet Awards have also been posted.

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples and you have made a *Bullet*. Make each of your efforts equal to the latest prize-winners given below. That's the way to win this week's First Prize, bringing a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, June 20.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

KEY TO VICTORY
AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR
ONCE AGAIN
WON'T WIN THE WAR
STAYING PUT
HOUSEWIFE'S PROBLEM
FROM THE NAZIS
IN A BLUE FUNK
GRIT IN THE WHEELS
SCANDALOUS
TO KEEP HER SWEET
LOAD OF RESPONSIBILITY
FORGET YOUR TROUBLES AND
SHOWS HE'S NO GOOD
RUDOLF HESS
BAD MANAGEMENT
REMEMBER THIS
SHE LOVES HUBBY, BUT ALL THE TIME
WE RULE THE WAVES, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

LITTLE BIT OF .....
STOP THE ..... AND
WHAT WE'RE .....
TO SATISFY .....
THE OFFICIAL .....
TOO MUCH .....

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE OVER £20
Each of the 45 chief winners who gathered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

These 2 Pens with 4 gold nibs, fine giving 6 nibs for 1s.

Plain paper entry coupon.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two gold Bullets on this coupon.
P.O. Value.... No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
1,276 Closing Postmark TUESDAY, JUNE 3
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

GET YOUR GUIDE TO SUCCESS

for Bullets & Xwords.

AFFIX 1d. stamp to space provided and continue with "Bullets" or Xword Entry. Then make sure of your 1,200-word guide to success in "Bulletin" & Xwords

Affix 1d. STAMP for your copy of "Bulletin" and Gazette.

£100 for 15 LETTERS!

WIN a Bumper Cheque by answering 15 questions! There they are in the absorbing puzzle below—and ten minutes with those clues may well bring you that £100!

£100 FIRST PRIZE | RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25 | £125 VALUABLE PRIZES

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 228

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5d	5d	5d
1 Going through this may make one suffer a good deal	L O			
2 Could be drawn with just a couple of lines	A N L E			
3 A look of ill will does this frown	A R			
4 Fisherman doesn't expect to get results without a cockle one	A I T			
5 Bites from dogs may call for much worse than	C T S			
6 Looks better when flattened out	C P T C H			
7 There are fewer about in this war*	P R U E S			
8 Rude kind of title to call fellow some names	E S T			
9 Way easily upset people who are drunkards	F O O S			
10 Woman can make up a jolly good one	R E W			
11 At country fair bulls are often this	S C R E D			
12 Way cities seem to enjoy being one	R S K			
13 You're just wasting time if you do this	F O O L E			
14 Times are often counted together in fantasy	S H F T S			
15 Use sandstone help foundations in making cold change through fire	E T S			

PLAIN PAPER
Send in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 2 solutions submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible — same rate of entry-fee.
Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 9

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee. P.O. value .....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
.....
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets, 6d. per two Xword solutions used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are accepted only on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated June 28, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRIES: "Bullets" No. 1,276—or Xword No. 228, "JOHN BULL," LORD ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.) — Closing Postmark MONDAY, JUNE 9

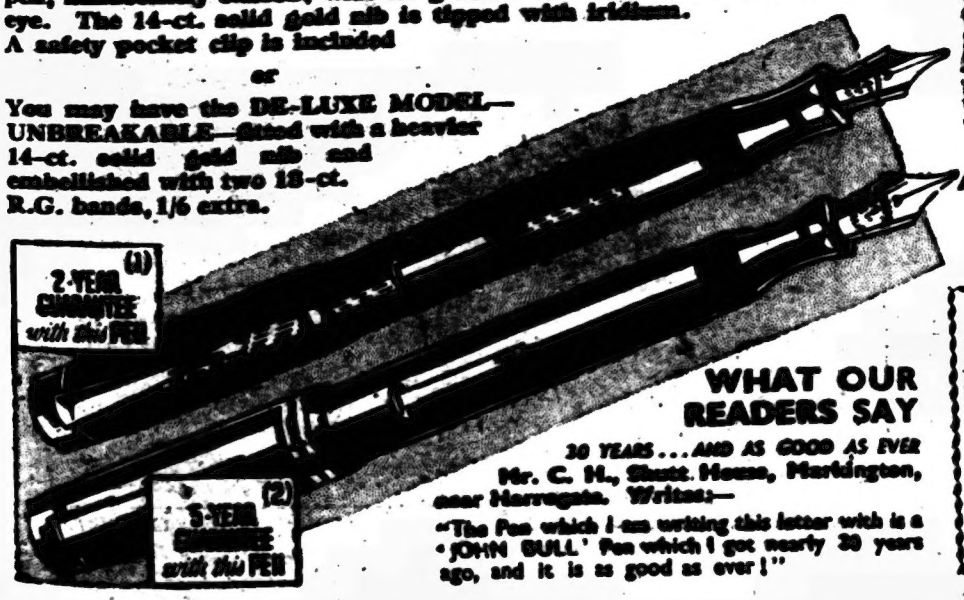
Take Your Choice! John Bull's Great Pen Offer

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of the famous "JOHN BULL" 5/9 lever-filling fountain pen. The raven-black pen, handsomely clipped, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. The 14-ct. solid gold nib is tipped with iridium.
A safety pocket clip is included

or

You may have the DE-LUXE MODEL—UNBREAKABLE—fitted with a heavier 14-ct. solid gold nib and embellished with two 18-ct. R.G. bands, 1/6 extra.



WHAT OUR READERS SAY

30 YEARS ... AND AS GOOD AS EVER

Mr. C. H., Shutt House, Hurlington, near Harrogate. Writes:—

"The Pen which I am writing this letter with is a 'JOHN BULL' Pen which I got nearly 30 years ago, and it is as good as ever!"

John Bull GIFT VOUCHER value 2/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of a famous "John Bull" Pen.
Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each pen.

Cash this Voucher NOW!

SERVICE FOR THE SERVICES!

This is a splendid opportunity to secure a gift of lasting service for a friend—of either sex—in the Services.

Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.

"JOHN BULL'S" PRESENTATION COUPON
To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 126, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/9 lever-filling pen. I enclose P.O. for 3/6 plus 2d. for postage and insurance, making 6/- in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" lever-filling pen, DE-LUXE model. I enclose P.O. for 4/6 plus 2d. for postage and insurance, making 5/- in all.

PENS—SUPPLIED—ABROAD—ONLY. Cross out grades of nib NOT required.

NAME.....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....
.....
Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

Write Clearly in Block Letters BLOCK

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

Interest free of income tax

How does a National Savings Certificate grow in value?
The value of a 15/- Certificate increases year by year until it is worth 20/6 in 10 years.

Do I pay Income Tax on this increase?
Not a penny.

How do I buy Savings Certificates?
You can buy them in any multiple of 15/- up to the limit allowed to each individual, viz.: 500 Certificates. You can also buy Gift Tokens worth 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, or 50 Certificates, which are ideal as gifts, as prizes and for presentations.

Where do I buy Savings Certificates?
At any Post Office, Bank or Trustee Savings Bank; through a Savings Group or from shops acting as Honorary Official Agents.

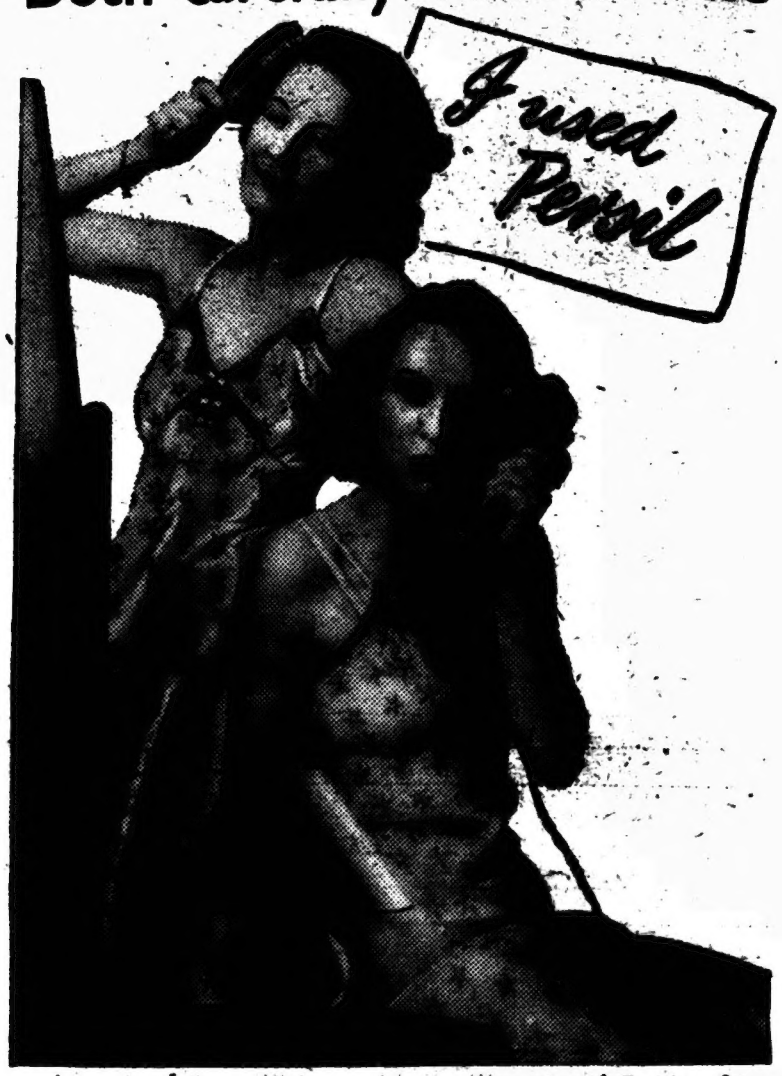
Can I buy Certificates by instalments?
Yes. You can buy 6d. or 2/6 National Savings Stamps and stick them in a Stamp Book, which is supplied free where you buy your stamps.

Suppose I'm ill, or want my Savings urgently?
You can apply at any time, for repayment of your National Savings Certificates.

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

Both carefully washed but



Persil washes so gently that it makes fine fabrics last longer

You think the world of those lovely woollens of yours, don't you? Those gay frocks and dainty silks—more precious than ever these days. *Keep* them new-looking. Keep your woollens soft and fleecy, your patterned prints fresh and bright. It's easy with Persil.

Persil, the amazing oxygen washer, is so gentle with fine fabrics. So gentle and yet so thorough! That's the beauty of it.

If you come across any difficulties in actual washing, drying, ironing or finishing, write for free advice to Mrs. Holiday, Persil Home Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs.

Economise this way
It's all the more important these days, when you want all your clothes and household linen to last as long as possible, to use Persil. Persil's gentleness makes things last.

PER 840-783-55 JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

INDIGESTION FROM WAR-TIME MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket. Also family sizes. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Regrets

LIMITED CIVILIAN SUPPLIES

So great are the requirements of H.M. Forces that only very limited quantities of "BLANCO" Brand WHITE CLEANER are available for civilians and we are obliged to disappoint many thousands of users. After the war normal supplies will again be available and the quality of "BLANCO" even better than ever before.

BLANCO WHITE CLEANER

WARNING! Joseph Mainwaring & Sons, Ltd., Sheffield, England, are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaner can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

HE'S A 'PLUS' DOG, companionable, lively, never scratches, never mopes; he's always fit and friendly . . . And simply because master conditions him regularly with Bob Martin's—the famous powders which, by purifying the blood, lift him to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember—one Bob Martin's once a day will make *your* dog a 'plus' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powders keep dogs fit

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